

# THE WAR CRY

CHRISTMAS 1903



"BEHOLD! I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS."

## The Lord's Coming.

BY ELLIOT COOK.

"He came to His own—and His own received Him not."

**H**e came to His own.  
And He comes again,  
At every Christmas-tide.

He comes to His own  
In the needs of men—  
May Heaven again send us  
In the squall home  
Of the suffering child  
Where the graveyard brook—He comes,  
And under the plains  
Of the womb-born bairns.  
He appeals for the wealthy's crumbs.

In the dark, dark fen,  
Where the last of gold  
Hath wedged the poor man's hair  
Till His grace is filled  
And the tribe's exalted—  
He waits in the villain's glare

Where the poor man's lamb  
By the wolf is torn—  
Then is left to rot and die  
In the man's sad shirk  
And the full heart-beat

He comes with an awful "Why?"

Where the fear is spread,  
And with gales upreared,  
The little half pleasures rare:  
With His woe-worn world—  
Cold and poor—He comes,  
And to wealth hoarded whispers "Share."

Oh, Brother of Man,  
Friend and Judge of all;  
Thou doest come to Thine own again;  
I will let Thee in  
In the needs of men.  
And when Thy loved world's pain.

## Since Christ Came Into the Home.

**A**T one time Jim was a drunkard, but God saved him and prospered the work of His hands, and an insight into his home life on Christmas-morn the change may be interesting here.

What preparations! Long after the little ones had been snugly tucked in bed on Christmas eve, and the good-night kisses had been given, father and mother were busy decorating the home with holy and evergreen, putting bright mottoes here and there, and arranging a pretty Christmas tree for the children. There were dolls, and books, and Bible story books, and mittens, and caps, all expressing the tender love and care of these parents for their children. Then the stockings were to be filled, and it was after the midnight hour before the parents lay their weary heads on the pillow for the rest they needed.

Before the dawn of Christmas day the children tiptoed to their stockings, and with joy ran to their papa and mamma to show them how good Santa Claus was. Then came a wholesome breakfast of porridge and milk, bread and butter, and tea. After the morning duties were over, the parlor door was opened to the enraptured gaze of the children, who danced and screamed with delight as they beheld the lovely tree laden with presents. They were made to sit in a row, and meekly wait until their names were called, when they lost no time in running to their father for their presents. While the good wife sat lovingly watching the children, she was surprised to hear her name, and her kind husband handed her a warm fur cap and a "Soldier's Guide." Then it was his turn to be surprised when he read his own name on the fly leaf of a beautiful Bible which his dear wife had secretly put on the tree for him.

In all their preparations those in poorer circumstances had not been forgotten, and a few baskets of provisions such as they were able to give had been made ready the night before, which the father delivered to the poorest families in their

\* Genesis iv. 9, 10.

immediate neighborhood while mother prepared a good Christmas dinner for themselves, and the children played with their new toys.

After dinner they all went to the Army meeting. Which was considered a duty as well as a pleasure. "For," said the father, "we must not forget that souls are dying, and we should do all we can to save them." Again on Christmas night, as a special treat, the children were all allowed to attend the meeting with their parents.

When a time they had, old and young rich and poor, sinners and saints filled the barracks. They sang praises unto God and as the sinners heard that their hearts were touched, and before the meeting closed a row of penitents knelt at the altar seat.

"What a blessed Christmas day we've had!" said the father of our happy family when they reached home.

"Yes, we have a great deal to praise God for," answered his wife, and tears filled her eyes as she thought of the great change that had come over their home since her husband stopped spending his time and money at the saloon.

"I'm so glad 'Brother Bill' got saved to-night."

## The Star of Bethlehem.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN PERRY.

**Y**ES, it showed bright and clear. It could not be otherwise, for had not the shepherds been directed to follow it for guidance to Bethlehem's manger? The star was important, much as it led to Christ those eager, expectant ones who through faith believed in its mission. Their following brought to them unspeakable joy, the record of which, as we read it, particularly at this season of the year, fills us as well with joyous feelings. Had the shepherds doubted that the star would lead them to the Babe of Bethlehem it would not have made the glorious advent of Christ's advent untrue, but only have ruined them of the joy of looking upon their Lord face to face and presenting their gifts.

The star called them on. As they went forth it spoke to them of—hope, shall I say?—no, more than that! They had hoped for years, and now their hopes were to be realized, for it spoke to them of certainty. In the present tense had the angel spoken to the watching shepherds: "Unto you is born this day a Saviour," and that message meant as well to the whole world, for was He not to be the world's Redeemer?

For a long time had Israel been looking for the promised Messiah. Now He had come. The shepherds had only to follow the star, and hope and faith would be rewarded by sight.

Faith always precedes sight, and sight becomes more gladsome in consequence of faith's testing. We to-day live by faith in Him who came to give His life a ransom for many, but we shall one day behold Him—not as the Babe of Bethlehem, nor as our crucified Lord—but as the King in His beauty. Does not the word of God say: "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed"?

Though many years have gone past since Christ's advent and the angels' message, yet unto us who believe He is precious. He is the foundation on which we build our faith. Was He not born to die? Did He not come to reconcile us unto the Father by His death on Calvary's height? Yea, He came to bridge the gulf of sin and make a way for sinners back to God.

Are there not stars of promise to-day studding the blue sky of God's eternal truth equally as assuring as that seen by the shepherds of old? The star they followed led to Christ, and they fell down in adoration before Him, presenting their gifts. The stars of promise we follow have brought us to Christ, and in worshipping adoration we have yielded ourselves to Him living sacrifices.

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

Among others, there is given us one blessed promise: "I will guide thee with Mine eye." Like a star of assuring prospect it leads our thoughts to Him, the unsailing Promiser, who with beckoning hand beckons us on to safety and heaven. What the Christian church needs is faith to walk in the divine path with the abiding consciousness of God's guidance. Then, and then only, will they not stumble or go astray.

It is, indeed, appropriate that we should make glad at Christmas, lighting the candles on the tree to make brightness, and giving presents to each other in token of good-will, for has not God, the Father, given us the greatest Christmas gift when He gave His only Son to the whole world, to suffer, to be abused, insulted and beaten, and to give His life that we all may be redeemed from the curse of sin?

Let us be reminded at this festive season of this glorious truth, that the Christ of Bethlehem, now glorified, sits at the Father's right hand, and by faith we can behold Him. Yea, more than that, we can know Him, whom to know aright is life eternal. Then by and bye, when faith verges into sight, and we behold Him face to face, without a veil between, we shall rejoice with unspeakable joy, and cast our crowns before Him in adorable homage. Then shall we praise our Lord for the star that led us to the skies. Yea, it will be then one eternal festive season when Christ, once the Babe of Bethlehem, will be the centre object of our joy and praise. No sin there to mar our happiness, no cloud to darken our way, but one long day of peace and glorious festivity.

## Born a Saviour.

By W. Bramwell Booth, Chief of the Staff.



Jesus, a Saviour, born,  
Without;  
Without the inn refused  
With scars.

Cast out;  
Cast out for me, my Sav-  
our King.  
Cast out to bring this  
lost one in.

Jesus, a Saviour, born,  
A man,  
A man of sorrows, smitten, torn,  
By stripes;  
By stripes. O Lord, my soul is healed.  
By stripes, Thy stripes, my pardon sealed.

Jesus, a Saviour, born.  
The Lamb:  
The Lamb of God hath bled and borne  
My sins;  
My sins the Sacrifice did slay,  
My sins the Lamb doth take away.

Jesus, a Saviour born,  
To save;  
To save at night, at noon, at morn,  
To keep;  
To keep from sin, from doubt, from fear,  
To keep, for lo! the Keeper's here.

Jesus, a Saviour, born,  
A King;  
A King! exalt His glorious horn,  
And sing;  
O sing, ye heavens! He burst his grave,  
And sing, O earth! He lives to save.

Imagine the condition of his poor wife and children on this Christmas day, but he promised to-night that God helping him, he would be a good husband and father in future, and I believe he meant it. We must help him all we can, wife."

"Yes, we will; and now for the abundant mercies of God to us let us sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and, kneeling with their children around the family altar, father and mother lifted their hearts to God in prayer and praise, after which they retired to rest, and peaceful slumber closed this happy Christmas in a Salvation soldier's home.

## Good Wishes.

Abundant joy, and comfort in thy sorrow;  
A faith that asks not when, nor where, nor how;  
A gladsome day—that never comes "to-morrow;"  
For each it is an ever present "Now."  
And so I wish thee one long day of sweetness,  
With inward peace which nothing can impair;  
Each trial touching not its calm completeness;  
But making life more earnest, real and fair.

—CAROLINE TICKNER.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

# THE WAR CRY

20<sup>TH</sup> YEAR No. 13

TORONTO DEC 26<sup>TH</sup> 1903

PRICE 10 CENTS



# More than Conqueror,

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

Consul Booth-Tucker.

EVANGELINE  
BOOTH,  
COMMISSIONER

11 p.m.

and the gates of life  
closed upon one of the  
greatest characters known  
sports and games, leaders  
the world has known.

At 11 p.m. and the tenth hour  
of the eleventh month, the eleventh  
day of the year—across the border—  
over the sea—through the gloom and the pain  
of an instant thousand hearts that the  
world over had the rest of life's journey made  
in vain waited for our bright sun last  
twinkled for us.

**More than Conqueror**—there was no  
doubt in the day-by-day work of the  
battle-field that the skill of her perfect management  
had swept out the radiant glory of  
jewels from the world.

It was a quick quiet journey. No lingering or pausing or waiting for the opening  
gate stayed her through the fear lest the  
burden for the rough stones of the outer bank  
and so the effort set to His bosom, or maybe  
she would speak her passing through the heart  
break in Heaven and go without our grief until  
we had reached the shoreland where you  
can no more sorrow or see any woe! Perhaps  
she was not the fiery chariot for Ethan, the  
mighty warrior for Joshua, the unexampled  
flight for Ethan, fast for her heroic spirit, the  
martyr's crown, that by the faith's bright shining  
in this judgment mystery her dying might  
accomplish even more than her living ministrations.  
But we cannot tell. When we stand  
before all God's works see the more will  
be revealed, and we shall read the interpretation.

But you can stand the depths of the great  
all! Since those passing sunbeams which roll  
down the mountains of the mountains, as the  
radiance of her passing into Glory has called  
down an avalanche of sorrow.

Upon her General, her glorious father, whose  
memory regeneration and immorality cross her  
as a banner at the unbending of a fearless world,  
and a voice that can never pass out. By his side  
she can instantly start, fulfilling the body pur-  
pose of his great heart, and breathing the same  
arduous passion which has inspired his life-work.  
Oh how she loved him, adored him, revered him, never failing in effort to execute all his  
designs, and perpetuate all his schemes.

Love the **Commissioner**—her beloved instead  
and the precious children, in whose midst she  
has been the central jewel of a perfect home-  
tecture, an angel-wife and an ideal mother, for  
whom any love more perfectly fulfilled every  
desire pertaining to motherhood than she  
has had.

Upon the tens of thousands of Army women, to  
whom she had represented the very acme of  
moral virtue and unswerving consecration—  
many of whom were born by her own hand to  
live out her teaching in almost all parts of the  
earth.

Upon the loyal officers of her late command,  
to whom she has been a divine example, heroic  
leader, and trusty friend.

Upon a crowd of the most lowly and poor,  
since towards these she has shown that Christ-  
like compassion and ceaseless concern which  
characterized her dealings with all men.

Upon the members of her own family, with  
whom, since my mother went heavenward, she  
has filled the choice place of maternal counsellor  
and guide.

Oh what a great passing-out hers has been  
and what a wealth of wisdom, love and grace  
she gave with her which must bless this world  
for ever posterity. May I now not write something  
of their worth to follow them? True  
I say what a great passing-out hers has been  
what a witness to the grace—seeing some of  
the glory flash down upon our less-shamed faces  
and since such precious things as needs divine  
can never perish, she leaves behind her so many  
tokens of immortal beauty that this world and  
the next richer for her having been here.

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I think of her in all her powers.  
She had an exceptional mind. There was a  
surprise about her mellow which allied to  
her femininity of grace made her a queen among  
women. Her combined strength of will  
and gentleness of spirit gave a double edge to  
her sword and enabled the most perplexed  
her ability to think on problems, and find the  
answers to many questions often surprised the  
victims, for what others had to learn slowly and  
painfully, she knew by intuition. I have known  
her to turn as upon a pivot the opinions of seem-



ingly adamantine men by those invincible weapons, sound logic, and the passion of earnestness.

This is an partial epitaph of a sister's pen.  
Looking with my yet tear-dimmed eyes into the  
silent countenance of Death and Eternity, I can but  
write of her as I have seen her and as I have  
known her, and I can best say that in her intellect  
she is a great loss to the world of Thought,  
which had in her the rare combination of a  
master-mind and inflexible will inseparably as-  
sociated with the intense humility of a spirit that  
sat always at Jesus' feet.

I think of her in war. Courage and  
mercy incarnate. Deathless fidelity to the Sal-  
vation Army and to her God. One never found her  
giving quarter to any suggestion that hinted at  
a half-meast position, or compromising the  
minutest point with the enemy. Yet, with it all,  
such infinite and ever-ready mercy for her per-  
secutors. Ever the first to devise some explana-  
tion of the reprehensible attitude of others and  
furnish reasons to suspend the avenging sword.  
So careful were her inquisitions and so merciful  
her verdicts that it was scarcely possible for her

to labor under  
misunderstanding. Her mind  
was weary to  
peruse the records  
of her life, and  
she was the more sure for her gains to  
ever. She would feel sorrow, remorse, yet  
always reluctantly clinging to her sacred obligations  
which forbade her straying to the love of  
those over whom her tears might fall. She  
struggled to conquer, but never in field, thereon  
she was more than conqueror.

I think of her in trouble—not the  
troubles of her own, but the troubles of others.  
Her heart was at always of sympathy, in which  
there was room for every burden, every sorrow,  
and every perplexity, which pressed the spirits  
of others around her. No matter how small  
or seemingly insignificant the trial, she would  
linger to listen to it. No matter how heavy the  
woe, she would understand it. No grief could  
overpower her greater than a trembling lip. No sound  
arrested her attention like a sigh. Her sympathy  
was so true, so deep, that one look of the  
radiant grey eyes threw a soothing over the pang  
whatever that pang might be. She did not say  
she was sorry after off, but like Jesus, entered  
right into the trouble and took it as her own.  
No matter how many cares she carried, she  
never disappointed one who sought her help.  
There was a wisdom about her disposition  
which made you think of the sea—a treasury of  
soil which filled her above the petty jealousies  
and self-delusions that spoil and narrow so many  
lives. As I often told her, she carried with her  
the break of day, and as often when darkness  
she stepped into, made everywhere morning. Her  
sphere was the Kingdom, and I think she scarce  
could have been more fitted for the scope which  
now, more than conqueror, she wears.

I think of her with the Sinner. I  
fancy I see her now, as I have hundreds of times,  
standing as an angel twice-tim and encircling  
life and death, mercy and judgment—the hand  
taking hold of the uplifting arm of Jesus, and  
the other of the burdened, crushed soul, while  
the chain of her believing intercessions, per-  
suasive pleadings, and tender appeals interlaced  
the links which sin and woe had broken. That  
impartiality which characterizes all true love for  
the erring was hers especially. The soul of  
every sinner was the victory she would gain,  
no matter how deep the guilt bespeaking their  
wanderings—the heavier the burden, the thicker  
the life, the greater the rebel, the more poor and  
helpless the condition, the more she would plan  
and seek to win them in the power of Jesus'  
name. True, her disposition seemed the more  
inclined to proclaim the forbearance of His mercy  
than the penalty of His justice, but her weapons  
were God's mightiest, strongest—Faith, the  
shield she carried. Love the two-edged sword  
she bare. So although oft-times struggling  
against sore physical weakness—when the devil  
and the flesh combined to thwart her blessed  
endeavors, and daunt her bravest hopes, she  
proved herself one of the choice few who fight  
the better for their wounds, and conquer when  
they die. Personally I always felt she must  
conquer, for I knew the angels were leaguing  
with her, too.

I think of what she was to me. My  
comforter, my counsel, my companion, my  
friend. Can I ever forget how she laid my head  
upon her heart the night my mother died, and  
told me through her tears how she would love  
me, help me, and shield me; how in the tempest  
of life, with its fierce, long rains, she would be  
there—I could lean upon her, and whatever joys  
enshrined my heart she would abundantly share.  
I could tell her all—the day's heated conflict  
or the battle's closing triumph, the rough places of  
the uphill climb, or of any flowers gathered by  
the way. Nothing that pleased me was she too  
pressed to smile upon, nothing that worried me  
in this great war-march was she indifferent to.

I could all my troubles pour her dear, loving soul before, so full of angel charity. My very heart-strings stir when I let my tear-brimmed eyes gaze into the exhaustless treasure of the myriad expressions of her tenderness toward me, now in the days gone by. From childhood our spirits knit—never a shade or shadow between—I, she would say, a sunbeam upon her way—she, the guardian of my path. I can hear her saying now as the last time when with her, "Eva, precious, never hesitate to turn to me with the burdens of the fight; I shall always be there to help you in any way I can to the last." How could I keep my heart from breaking when they told me that like a flash of light she had gone, without a farewell kiss upon my cheek, or her hand resting in parting benediction upon my head—our bright one, who had been everything to me—in war, in sickness, in joy, in strife. Yet Jesus failed not, and when beside her casket kneeling, and looking into the dear, dead face, inexpressibly dear to me, I could pray her prayer and mine, and say, "God is love, and love divine."

I have seen the moon make a silvery path for the voyager across the deep. Her going first has left a path across life's sea. I shall steer my bark by it.

**I think of her end.** Draped in the blackness of a dark mystery, did you say? Why? Why should it be dark? Because we cannot explain it? Because it is all quite different to what our finite minds thought it would be? Because our dull vision cannot read through the dropped veil God's wonders the other side? Because God has not told us just now the full

reason? Why should this make it dark when God has done so much for which He has not given us the reason? What a poor, pale thing reason is compared to trust and faith! Wisdom and sight are well, but will not suffice even for this world, they cannot fathom the full mystery of these things which perish, therefore could we wonder that for the eternal we are asked to trust where we cannot trace—that it takes faith, the immortal link, to bind us to God and heaven? Could we expect to understand the mighty spheres He may have planned for such as her, when even in countless material things we can not follow or explain one-half of the purposes of His handiwork? Man leaves off where God begins. Could all the universities of the earth encircle the mystery of one grain of wheat, with its great-grandparents as far back as the ages, and offspring as far on as time, or the

shining firmament, in one dewy drop? Could all the architects, artisans, and philosophers erect the arch of the rainbow, bridging the gulf 'twixt shadow and sunbeam? And should it stagger or add to our sorrow the pain of doubt because God did not tell us plainly His purpose when He took her to shine in the firmament and left us the drop of dew? It may be as with the rainbow that we might do more looking up and see what bright things in the skies the rains of our tribulations make. God, who is in all magnificence in the atom and rules the seas, could not forget or err, and so while these waters beat against us, our souls shall not tremble or question. We will not call, or feel, the mystery dark—we will hold to the rock that all God does is right, remembering there are many things He would rather not tell us now. For to know is good, but to trust is best.

**I think of her in Heaven,** transfigured in the light of God, adding glory in Paradise. Straight from the conflict, bearing some of the wounds of recent battle and scars of the long-ago strife, she climbs the Golden Stair leading from the black prairie to the Shining Plain, with the old guns still ringing in her ears at the bottom, and the hosts of God cheering their hosannas at the top. What an abundant entrance, what a wide swinging of the gates; so much glory escaped that it still lingers with us, her comrades, in shining blessing all round the world. I think there was a flag upon every hill in heaven that night, and a banner waving from every portal, and when the dear eyes rested upon the face of Jesus, lip went to trumpet, fingers to harp, hammer to bell, and the redeemed shouted, with all the children joining in to make it louder, "Saved! Saved! Saved!" Saved from sin, saved from death, saved from the grave, more than conqueror through Him that loved us. Glory to God in the highest! My precious, precious mother, and my sister's three babies who went on first, would be in readiness to greet her. Oh, what a Christmas she will have. There will be some great banquets this Christmas time in palace and hall, the bounty of which will be indescribable; but the splendors of all the banquets of the earth pale before the smallest-table of the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, at which she will be a guest, with the Leaves of Healing to partake of and the Springs of Life to drink from. No more night, no more tears, no more weariness for the tender feet, no more throb for the precious head, no more ache for the sensitive heart. Blessed be Jesus, who first forgiveth our sins, and then gives us the victory that overcomes the world—our faith. He is the Way, the Light, the Victory. Without Him, life is a dark, dark failure. We lose ourselves in the black night of sin and trial. He is the Guide—the everlasting Morning. We must believe in Him, we must trust Him, we must prove His great salvation by faith in the red blood of Jesus, we must follow after Him, we must love Him with a love that is mighty, for love is life, and death but crowns it eternal and divine—

There are No Dead.

IN MEMORIAM

EMMA MOSS BOOTH-TUCKER

LATE CONSUL OF THE SALVATION ARMY  
IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A FRIEND OF SINNERS, A LOVER OF SOULS,  
AND A LEADER OF HER PEOPLE,

PROMOTED TO GLORY ON WED OCT 28<sup>TH</sup> 1903.  
SHE FELL LIKE A WARRIOR, SHE DIED AT HER POST.

## The Season's Compliments

"Merry Christmas!" We repeat this old-fashioned congratulation in passing the Cry on to our readers. Our circle has extended, and we appreciate deeply the numerous kind expressions about the value of the War Cry, which we receive from time to time, and we have endeavored to meet the high expectations of our readers regarding this Christmas number.

To Canada belongs the distinction of having first introduced a special enlarged edition of the Christmas War Cry, our holiday numbers being double the size of any other War Cry, and have by their own value, without the aid of expensive advertisements, made a reputation for themselves, which cannot be better demonstrated than by the fact that this edition of 75,000 copies was ordered entirely, many corps taking as many as four times their usual supply. Seventy-five thousand copies, for our small constituency, doubtless is, in comparison, not behind any, if not in the lead of every other territory in which the Army operates.

## The Comforting Saviour.

(To our supplement.)

To fully appreciate the thought which inspired the artist of the painting reproduced in our supplement one must carefully look into the picture and search for the meaning of each figure grouped around the Saviour.

The general tone of the picture is not bright, but subdued; the twilight of evening is prevailing to indicate the darkness and gloom of this world, rightly called The Vale of Tears.

Jesus, the Light of the World, stands with welcoming hands before suffering and sinful humanity, indicated by its various types. His mission to the world was to save—to save from sin, and from its consequences, which are sorrow, sickness, suffering, death, and hell.

There we see the sick represented in the man lying at Jesus' feet. Jesus went about healing the sick when in the flesh, and He is still the Great Physician. He gives sight to the blind and makes the lame to walk. Behold the poor crippled woman with crutch in hand, at His feet.

Then there are the widows. There is no loneliness like that of the widow. The tears still stain her face, but beholding Jesus, the bereaved one receives consolation, for He is a husband unto the widow and a father to the orphans.

Closer in the foreground we behold the weeping and broken-hearted Magdalene. Feeling the crushing weight of her sin, she dares not lift her head to the Pure One, but already she feels the divine compassion that stoops to the lowest—to pick up tenderly the jewel of an immortal soul out of the mud of vice, to cleanse it and make it fit adornment for His crown of glory.

There we see the dying turn to Him for comfort in the hour when earthly friends can no longer give their companionship—when the soul feels the bonds of mortality loosening and is about to slip into the great mysterious Beyond. Jesus is there to be the staff that shall sustain them in the swellings of Jordan.

Disappointed, embittered, and filled with remorse, the penitent sinner turns with his guilt to Jesus, the Friend of sinners, and smiting his breast he cries in the agony of self-accusation, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" There he kneels a contrite heap of human sorrow. Jesus speaks pardon, and makes a new creature of him, and he can walk again upright among men.

Finally, we see the missionary bringing the heathen to Christ. Christianity struck off the chains of slavery from the wrist of the negro—we see them falling off in the picture. And the heathen's face shines with the reflection of a new life which the Saviour imparts to him.

In the distance we dimly perceive a mother with her child, hurrying to Christ, and other figures approaching Him who alone can give peace and comfort, when human sympathy fails.



**M**ANY centuries ago  
As the people gathered round Him  
By the wayside, where they found  
Said the Master to them all, [Him],  
"Will ye then obey My call?  
If a man would follow Me,  
If he would My servant be,  
He must follow on, unshinking,  
Not of ease or pleasure thinking:  
Let him daily take his cross,  
Sign of earthly shame and loss.  
Hardship, sorrow, self-denial,  
Loneliness and bitter trial;  
Such their lot in life must be  
Who would truly follow Me."  
Many centuries ago,  
Thus He spake, as well we know.

**C**HERE'S a simple legend hidden in a musty vellum book,  
Telling of two ancient worthies, and the different paths they took.

One was named Saint Cassianus, monk ascetic and austere.  
Nicholas they called the other: loved by all, both far and near.

Both were true, both were devoted: both had done their earnest best  
Through their lives to follow simply what they thought their Lord's behest.

But their standards varied greatly: Cassianus, stern and cold,  
Kept the people at a distance: took his missal, bound in gold,

Read from out its learned pages precepts noble, true and good;  
But the people left, bewildered; little had they understood.

Nicholas had lived among them: such a life his Master meant  
When He said, "As God hath sent Me, so have I My followers sent."

Nicholas had taught the people simplest, deepest truths of life:  
Sin, repentance and forgiveness; love to neighbor; rest from strife.

Once upon a Christmas morning (so these ancient versions run)  
On His throne in Heaven seated, in the glory of the sun,

Christ, the Saviour, sent and called them from their labors on the earth:  
Bade them tell Him of their doings on that morning of His birth.

First to come was Cassianus: all resplendent he and bright:  
Glistening seemed his spotless garments in their purity of white.

"Cassianus, thou art welcome; what hast thou just seen to-day?"  
"Lord, I saw a peasant floundering with his wagon in the clay."

"Surely thou didst stop to aid him!" "Nay, my Lord, I feared to soil  
These my white and spotless garments if I helped him in his toil."

"Cassianus, this thy judgment shows thee erring from the light:  
They must share their neighbor's burdens who would walk with Me in white."

"Lo! here comes thy fellow-worker. Nicholas, I bid thee rise.  
Mud and clay have stained thy garments; whence com'st thou in such a guise?"

"Lord, I saw a peasant floundering with his wagon in the clay,  
So I stopped to lift the wagon: helped to start him on his way."

"Humbly I implore Thy pardon that I come before Thee so."  
"Nay, but Nicholas! thy garments are as white as driven snow."

"Cassianus, not so stainless are thy robes that once were white:  
Thou hast meant to do My bidding, but thy standard was not right."

"Those who follow truly, closely, need not fear lest they should spoil  
Heaven's robe of glorious whiteness by a touch with earthly toil."

"Where thy brethren need thy service, go among them, in My Name;  
To the weary tell the story of the Infant King who came

"That on Him should lie their burdens, that in Him they might find rest.  
Take my message, Cassianus, then shalt thou be doubly blest."

"Many out of tribulation shall assemble on that Day  
When redeemed from many nations shall appear in white array;

"Be thou there, O Cassianus, leading with thee those of Mine  
Whom thy human love has aided to accept the Love Divine."

Thus brought down, and yet exalted with the strength of life and light,  
Cassianus, on that Christmas, sought to walk in spotless white.

# The Taming of Theresa

BY STAFF-CAPT. PAGE.



**B**EYOND question the disappointment of my widowed life, confided Mrs. Beauchamp, in one of those bursts of confidence which only afternoon tea brings, "worry is really wearing me away."

That this seemed rather a slow process her visitor might have rejoined, reflecting on the distressed lady's yet ample proportions, but being a man of peace and prosperity, he simply remarked that it must be very harrassing the dear child being so eccentric.

"Eccentric!" Mrs. Beauchamp's mild eyes became like saucers, "she is positively insane—more like a young colt than a child. In vain I have tried to trace some likeness of myself in her, but no, she does not favor her mother anywhere. She is absolutely beyond my comprehension."

And with this despairing statement, which was doubtless perfectly true, the afflicted parent, who lived in chronic proximity to the fountain of tears, hid her face in a lace handkerchief.

Her visitor, the Rev. Septimus Snodkins, shifted uneasily in his easy chair. Fond as he was of feminine society, he had the usual masculine aversion to a scene, and to avert the lady's attention ventured:

"Perhaps a change of instructors, or a little variation of scene, might help matters."

"We have tried all there are to try," was the reply, with a conclusiveness to which Alexander the Great's self-complacency was small. "I have had three governesses in as many weeks. Miss Barton came to me with the highest references—she was an elderly lady, of irreproachable character, and so highly connected. But she told me after three days that her nerves would not stand the strain—Theresa's booby-trap had nearly turned her hair white the night before. Then Miss Bluestock—I had great hopes of her. She coached both Mrs. Crammer's daughters for the scholarship, and I did begin to feel sanguine that at last my wild little daughter would be taken in hand. But, unfortunately, dearest Theresa took a violent dislike to her the first imposition Miss Bluestock set her, and nearly scared our life out by taking refuge on the roof of the carriage house, and refusing to come down until the governess was gone. Then came the Rev. Tyler—a young man of blameless antecedents. I thought, too, his being in holy orders would have such a subduing effect upon the dear child. But he told me he felt himself unsuited for the position ever since that first interview at which I surprised them—Theresa sitting on the table among the lesson books, and saying in that dreadfully shrill voice of hers, 'Mr. Tyler, I'm awfully glad to have a man-governess—you'll be able to teach me to box!—my poor, misguided child!' and Mrs. Beauchamp threatened to dissolve again.

"Trying position for Tyler," said the Vicar.

"It was a very humiliating one for me," went on Mrs. Beauchamp. "But although she is only eight years old, she is always subjecting me to annoyances. And I had looked for so much from her. When I gave her that name I had hoped she would be a real little saint. She is my patron—"

"Here the door flew open and the 'little saint' burst in like a small whirlwind—very literally,

for to Mrs. Beauchamp's eternal horror be it said, she advanced by means of a somersault. Mrs. Beauchamp screamed. Theresa soon righted herself and stood a panting little figure in a dirty frock. It was a very winsome little face, despite the tumbled curls, that turned to greet Mr. Snodkins with the statement, "Wasn't that fine?—it took me seven days' hard work to learn that."

Mr. Snodkins seemed to have difficulty in finding a reply befitting the occasion. As for Mrs. Beauchamp, she had just sufficient strength to ask for her cigarette.

Ten years later, and Christmas Eve. The spacious parlors of Beauchamp House are ablaze with light and beauty. Everything that money can do combines to make the night a golden one to the young men and maidens gathered within the holly-decked walls. What if the estate is mortgaged and the servants are kept on credit, and crash ahead, to-night all is magnificent, for there are high hopes that the daughter of the house will yet retrieve the fallen fortunes of the family. There she stands, wherever the laugh rings loudest and the gaiety finds its highest pitch—supple of figure, strong of face, and wifely of demeanor as ever.

"Does she look a girl easily disposed of?" thinks Mrs. Beauchamp, with an anxious frown on her placid features, as she notices the obsequious and stiffly-received attentions of a young man, fat and florid, and with an ill-balanced monocle in his dim eye.

It was late when Theresa came slowly upstairs humming a snatch of song. She seemed unwilling to hasten her steps, as if knowing that her mother's door stood expectantly open. Mrs. Beauchamp, arrayed in a fearful creation of red and gold, awaited her with feverish excitement.

"Well, Terry dear"—(a mark of high good humor this, for at most times the mother hated the daughter's pet abbreviation)—"and did anything happen to-night?"

"Lots, mamma," returned Theresa wearily.

"Mr. Coffin ate more lemon pies even than usual, Sybil tore her exquisitely-ugly ball frock, and Tom —"

"Theresa"—Mrs. Beauchamp had no sense of humor, and considered such unbecoming levity—"what about Mr. Bouncer?"

"Mr. Bouncer," said Theresa, steadily, "has showed himself an even greater fool than I thought him, and I told him so."

"Good heavens!" Mrs. Beauchamp's voice vibrated with anger. "Refused a millionaire!"

"I did, mamma."

Floods of tears—seas, niagars. Mrs. Beauchamp was overwhelmed—it was the last straw—the family poverty—her daughter in disgrace—flying in the face of Providence—the furniture would have to go, etc., etc.

"Mother"—Theresa's tone was wonderfully quiet and calm—"you may sell your furniture, but not your daughter. I can never help the family poverty that way. But I'm not content to sit here and see everything go to ruin before our eyes. I have waited for a chance to tell you that I cannot be a burden on your slender means any longer. Forgive me, mother, I ought to have told you before, but I have been studying up shorthand for some little time, and have just heard of a post where I can at least earn enough to keep myself, if not to help you."

Mrs. Beauchamp's feelings and expressions are better unwritten. She belonged to what she called the "old school"—that ancient seminary which turns out dolls, toys, and even slaves—but working women, never!

The Rev. Septimus Snodkins sits by his study fire, the picture of clerical repose—his slumped feet upon the shining fender, his shapely hands unfolding a letter. He is an elderly gentleman now and a comfortable, but with the same big, tender heart, sensitive to either pathos or humor.

The letter is a closely-written one, and in a lady's hand, and invites a peep over the broad shoulder of the divine.

"Dear old friend," it says, "I have wonderful news to tell, and because I do not know how mother will take it, I want you to do one more of your kindnesses to the little black sheep, and take her story to her fold. Perhaps you'll say I'm a blacker sheep than ever—some people will, and think it's just like mad Theresa." ("Heavens, what has she done now?" ejaculated the old gentleman.) "Something has happened to me. I'm not the same Theresa Beauchamp any more." ("A runaway match," gasps the clergyman, his glasses fall in his excitement, and it is some time before they are perched once again upon his perspiring nose and he can go on reading. When he does it is with intense excitement and many exclamations. "What, Theresa converted? Bless the child, I always knew she'd find her heart one day. Dear child, dear child. She does seem happy. What's this?—Salvation Army! (Reading) 'Means of conversion'—best people on earth'—feel my place among them'—can find a place for even mad me.' Well, well! think of our Theresa a Hallelujah lass! Well, well! They're a wonderful order, and though it doesn't preach the sacraments it makes one when it gets hold of that little madcap and turns her into a saint. Bless them, and her, I say," and the Rev. Septimus paced the room, stirred the fire until there was an excellent blaze under the grate and none in it, and then thanked God with much emotion that the wayward heart of his little favorite was in such keeping.

Then he arose with a light on his face and a dance in his eye that made him look quite debonair, despite his sixty years, exclaiming:

"Bless her, I say, and if that conventional old lady has anything else to say I'll —"

But the rest of the sentence was lost in the brim of the clergyman's wide-awake, as he crammed it over his brows and set off for Beauchamp's Court.

♦ ♦ ♦

Perhaps it is as well that poor Mrs. Beauchamp cannot see her daughter this Christmas Eve. She might have again to resort to her vinegarette. Theresa is occupied in the time-famed task of Cry selling. She has a big bundle under her arm—wearily stoop in her back, and flash in her eye like unto no brightness of the mad old days.

Suddenly a saloon door opens and Theresa is nearly knocked down by a rough hand that flings a ragged little morsel of humanity out onto the street. "Take that, you —, I'll teach you to come pottering after me again!"

Theresa's arms are around the child, her tears are on its blow-stained face, her warm heart beating against the half-starved frame, her feet already turning with it toward the quarters. And then she turns a look which speaks unutterable things towards the still swinging door. "And you call yourself a man," she breathes; "well, I'll settle with you later!" Perhaps Saint Theresa is not so very tame after all.

# Lost Sheep

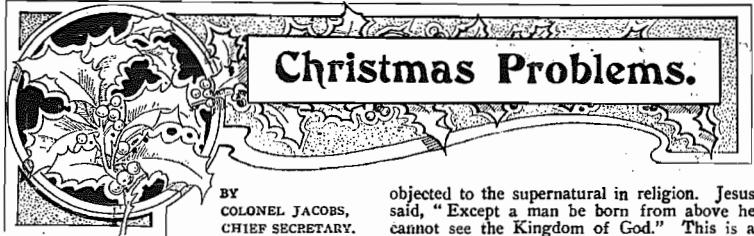


BY FRED. L. H. SIMS.

**W**andering far in a desert way,  
In a famished and thirsty land,  
Where the pitiless wolf, with ravening bay  
Pads swift on the track of the flock astray :  
Is there hope for the sheep  
When the shepherds sleep  
Heeding not their Lord's command ?

**L**ovest thou thy Lord ?—or only thy pay ?  
Dreaming o'er what thy wage shall be ;  
Thou selfish coward, Himself did say  
At sight of the wolf thou wilt speed away :  
Is there hope for the flock  
When, from danger's shock,  
The hireling shepherds flee ?

**C**hief Shepherd, who only can free the slave,  
Behold us before Thy throne ;  
Baptize us in Love that alone makes brave,  
Gives the courage to fight, and the patience to save ;  
By the way Thou hast crossed,  
Lead us, seeking the lost  
With hearts that are all Thine own.



## Christmas Problems.

BY  
COLONEL JACOBS,  
CHIEF SECRETARY.

**A**LMOST in every direction the world has made advancement since the birth of Christ, but there are still several things in which very little change is noticeable. One of these is human nature, which seems to remain very much the same. Betrayals are still frequent, and the sins committed to-day are very much like those mentioned in the Bible.

The old carnal nature still fights for existence, and although it may at first appear a strange statement to make, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is still treated by a very large part of the world as He was when upon the earth in human form. I do not mean to say the Christian religion is not popular. The good works which a Christian does make him, to some extent, popular. The world likes and admires good works. "I believe in your work, but do not like your Christ," said a gentleman. Poor man! he does not understand that the "work" is the outcome of the Christ.

When Jesus was upon earth a serious problem faced the world. They were in an awful dilemma to know what to do with Him. He said He was "the Son of God." To this they objected, and unfortunately many do the same to-day. The world repudiates everything in religion which is of a supernatural or divine character. Take this out, and a large part of the world will accept a Christ of this sort. For nineteen hundred years efforts have been made to eradicate everything out of the Christian religion of this character, and

**DO AWAY WITH JESUS AS THE SON OF GOD.**

The problem of what to do with Jesus commenced at His birth. What shall we do with Him? The answer is, Put Him in a stable. That does not settle the matter, He is still Christ.

"Kill Him," says Herod. All the power which Herod put forth could not destroy Him in Egypt—He still lives.

The problem faced the priest. "This Jesus," says he, "is the Son of God." They try to catch Him in His talk and prove He speaks blasphemy. This does not solve the difficulty.

The question faced Pilate's wife, and she advised her husband to have nothing to do with Jesus.

The same question faced Pilate, who cried out, "What shall I do with Jesus, which is called the Christ?"

The soldiers, at the resurrection, had the same difficulty, and endeavored to escape it by telling untruths.

Coming back to the birth of Christ, the difficulty first shows itself. The reply comes, "No room for Him in the inn; put Him with the cattle." To them He is nothing more than a flesh and blood child. This does not alter the fact that "He was the Son of God," and is to-day.

The Holy Spirit strives, the Word of God entreats, the servants of God invite you to take Him as your divine Saviour. To simply put Him out of your sight, and say, "He is nothing more to me than the cattle, or a man," will not benefit you. That which is material can feel the material, but only that which is divine can satisfy the immortal nature of mankind.

Christ was despised on account of His divinity and His works, which could only be performed by divine power. The world has always

objected to the supernatural in religion. Jesus said, "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the Kingdom of God." This is a divine work, a supernatural birth, unaccountable to mankind. "How can these things be?" said the ruler. The world is saying the same to-day, can't understand it, and I may here say, "You never will with your poor mind," as things pertaining to the Kingdom of God can only be comprehended when you submit to God and take Him by faith.



*Though He was rich, freely He gave Up all, that He the lost might save; Love, from the manger to the cross, Made Him in gladness suffer loss.*

The world does not object to goodness; it likes honest men, who deal uprightly, tell the truth and pay their bills. The objection is to take the Son of God as their deliverer from sin. This is a supernatural work, requiring divine power, and this was the purpose for which Christ left heaven. "Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Generally we speak of Simon and Andrew as the first two converts of Jesus. This appears to be hardly correct. Years before this, while

shepherds watched their flocks by night," the stillness of the night was broken, the angel of the Lord appeared and proclaimed the birth of Christ. The shepherds did what I ask you to do, if you wish to be delivered from the shackles of sin. "They came with haste." You must do the same. That is it!

HURRY UP AND GET YOUR SOUL SAVED!

This is the first and most important business. The shepherds came to Jesus, not to a religion, or a dead God, or to an argument, but a real living Christ. You have had gracious influences, possibly many more than the shepherds. Not only have you heard the angels' song, but the very voice of God calling you to Christ. Have you come? What a happy Christmas these first converts had. It was the world's first Christmas. It found the shepherds "Christian," although not called by that name. Do you want a happy Christmas? Then do as the shepherds did, come to Jesus.

There were the wise men, who saw the star and understood its significance. Sometimes it is supposed that ignorance is more susceptible to the claims of Christ than wisdom. This is a great mistake. Humility is more susceptible than pride. There can be humility and wisdom. Pride and ignorance are great barriers to accepting Christ.

These wise men saw the star, and to them it was the herald of the birth of a King. Your star has many times shone forth and said, "Come to Jesus." I want you to act as the wise men did; they followed the light. Do you want Jesus? Follow the light you have. It will lead you to Him. "If we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

The wise men worshipped Him; they were too wise to worship a man; they worshipped the Christ, the Son of God.

The wise men gave gifts. So will you, too, not simply Christmas gifts, but gifts to Christ. To them the idea of worshipping without giving a gift would appear ridiculous. But we do not give to get saved; we offer gifts because we are saved. It is an outward evidence of our worship. The best gift you can offer God is your life. This is what He asks and expects, for time and eternity.

*"My every sacred moment spend  
In publishing the sinner's Friend."*

### The Position of Jesus Christ To-day.

One tendency of modern thought there is which is full of hope and of inspiration. More and more the thought of Christ is uppermost in the minds of men. There are men who eschew the churches, but who reverence the name of Christ, and who try to frame their lives according to His teaching. There are men who differ from one another in theological matters, but who seem drawn irresistibly into friendliness and co-operation by their common love to Christ. The sermons and treatises which would find the warmest welcome and the largest circulation are those which speak of the meaning of the personal life and teaching of Christ. Partisanship dies before the magic of His name. Let a few men join together and band themselves,

without any elaborate restrictions, to endeavor to realize Christ's teaching in their lives, and lo! the little company in a short eleven years has grown into millions. Let a man propound in a slight narrative the question, "What would Jesus do?" and his book is sold by millions. Do not these things point the way of wisdom, of hope, and courage? Churches and nations, like individuals, work righteousness and achieve wonders by faith. If, therefore, we would face the future, and achieve that which God calls us to do, let us face it in the spirit and in the faith of Christ.—The Bishop of Ripon.

## "Where are Lonely Hearts to Cherish."

BY MRS. ADJUTANT PAYNE, MATRON HALIFAX RESCUE HOME.

**K**NOWING very little of the sorrows, difficulties, and perplexities of life, in a quiet, but comfortable home, sat a fair young maiden singing merrily to herself, on a beautiful autumn evening. "There are lonely hearts to cherish," etc. Little did she think that on some future day she would realize the clear and distinct call from her Master to become a laborer in His vineyard.

When the Salvation Army first opened fire in the city where Agnes lived, she was a regular attendant at the meetings. The beautiful singing, followed by earnest testimonies and prayers, thrilled her inmost soul, and a voice within seemed to assure her that this was the God-marked path.

The controversy then arose between her soul and God. The path of ease would be to still enjoy the quietness and comforts of home and singing the usual, "There are lonely hearts to cherish." The path of self-sacrifice would mean the disapproval of her parents and friends, privation and hardness. What was Agnes to do? The influence of her friends seemed to over-balance her good desires in living the self-sacrificing life—and Agnes was very soon missed from the Army meetings, only to be found in society and places of amusement, disregarding the voice that had so tenderly spoken to her soul and marked out for her the path of duty.

One year had rapidly taken its flight, and Agnes, though young in years, had learned to suffer through her disobedience and sin. The peace of the Saviour which might have been hers through those long, weary months had vanished, and trying to fill the aching void she grasped eagerly after the passing vanities, only to prove that they could not bring her the satisfaction she so much desired. Link after link in the great chain which binds the soul, gradually fastened itself around Agnes. The sad gloom had already come into her life. He who had promised so faithfully to befriend her amidst the darkness, desolation, and crushing sorrow, had now disappeared, and poor Agnes was left to wander up and down the streets of the city. Her parents and friends, who were the means of her disobedience to God, when in distress through her downfall, refused poor Agnes the comforts of their home, and thus she was obliged to seek refuge elsewhere.

Who can tell the anguish of this young woman's heart when, on a bright Christmas morning, with her wee babe in her arms, deserted by her friends, disappointed in love, and robbed of her beautiful character, she wended her way to the Army Rescue Home, with tears of sorrow and repentance flowing freely down her pale, worn face, asked for admittance. Soon she was found seated in a comfortable little room, her tired heart being soothed by the true follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. The poor little babe who was hugged closely to the bosom of its mother, being sheltered from the outside cold, was now feeling the warmth of the cozy little room. In an adjoining room there were busy hands trying to prepare those necessities which would all tend to make Christmas Day most pleasant and enjoyable to the members of the homeless and outcast women and children.

Happiness seemed to prevail right through that Home, and soon Agnes was lost in deep thought. Oh, the reflections of the past! Oh, the memories of bygone days, and the sacred spot where she used to sing, "There are lonely hearts to cherish." With a poor, blighted life and a lonely heart Agnes realized what she might have been had she been obedient to the call of God. Oh, the bitter remorse and anguish that filled her soul for some moments. No tongue can describe it. In the quietness of that little room two voices were heard, through the sobs, singing softly—

*Just as I am—without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.*

And thus, on the anniversary of our Saviour's birth, He who came to dispell the sadness and

gloom and to save the outcast, brought by His presence into that poor lonely heart and blighted life a peace which this world fails to give.

Her life in that Home spoke freely from day to day of the Saviour's redeeming grace. Although years have passed away, Agnes still lives a true, devoted Christian, realizing more clearly the truth of her favorite hymn—"There are lonely hearts to cherish." Not only is this beautiful verse sung in a little home by the sea, but the girl of whose life I have endeavored to give brief sketch, is seeking by her godly life to scatter seeds of kindness, and bring comfort, blessing, and cheer to those who are lonely in heart and broken in spirit.

We thank God for the open doors of refuge, through which many a young life has been rescued, and pray that the Lord of the harvest shall send forth more laborers into His vineyard.

### The Two Advents.

BY REV. MARK GUY PEARCE.

The season of the year, as well as the custom of the church from the earliest ages, naturally leads us to set the two advents of Christ thus together: His coming as a Babe of Bethlehem, and His coming as the King in His glory. The great event of Christmas, with its gladness, merges into the more solemn thought that is suggested by the ending of the year. But the two advents are much more closely related than that. The one must necessarily lead up to the other. In Christ's first coming we find our fitness for His coming again. We learn to love and trust Him in His humiliation, that we may learn to welcome and adore Him when He shall come in His glory. And in that first coming there is the pledge of the second. The second coming of Christ fulfills the purpose of the first. The tidings of great joy cannot end in the grief of Gethsemane and in the agony of the cross. The song of the angels waits through the ages for His coming again to reign for ever and ever.



## Via a Christmas Dinner.

BY ENSIGN ARNOLD.

It was Christmas morning. Quietness prevailed throughout the snow-clad streets of the great Canadian City. Only in the big, red building, with the battlements on top, called the Army barracks, men and women were as busy as bees. The peeling of potatoes, the making of pies, the hammering and sawing—what was the meaning of it all?

Why, if at no other time in the year, everybody expects to spend Christmas day at home—but not so with these Salvation soldiers. They found greater pleasure in bringing Christmas joys to the less fortunate of the city, and were preparing for their annual Christmas dinner for the poor. Not a moment were they idle, for in a few hours' time five hundred guests were expected.

At 6.30 p.m. the big hall was beautifully decorated and everything was ready. The doors were thrown open and in a long line the visitors were conducted to the tables to partake of the sumptuous bill of fare.

Among the crowd to secure an invitation was John McGreen, who, as the saying goes, was down in his luck. To make a long story short, he had come to this country some years ago with well-filled pockets. He succeeded in getting a good position, and afterwards in starting a business of his own. As usual, everything went well for a time, until John McGreen, the merchant, had to take the social glass, just to help on business and make friends. From good to bad, from bad to worse, from worse to bankruptcy—and to-night he is penniless and forsaken.

What a good thing he came to that dinner. Somebody spotted him, and at the pressing invitation of Bro. C., he came to the meetings. The Captain became interested in John, and it was not very long before the latter found a Saviour in Him who said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

To-day John is all right for this life and for the life to come.

### Shine Out, O Star!

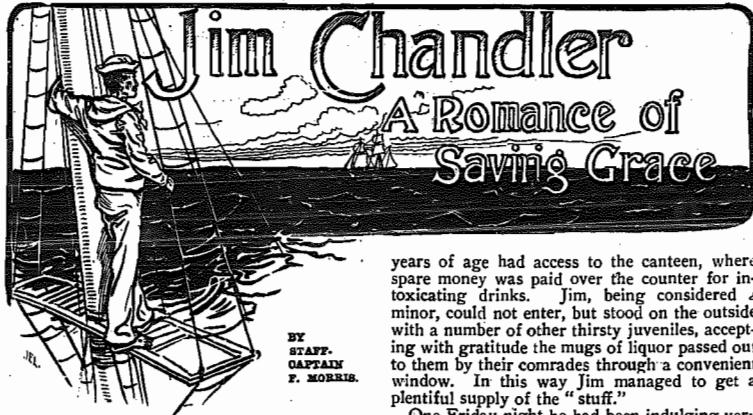
What shall we do for the blinded eyes  
Straining their gaze  
afar,  
Seeing no promise of  
dawn arise,  
Searching in vain for  
the star?

Dear God, so far in the  
lifted heavens—  
So low in the dust they lie,  
To whom no glimpse of  
the day is given,  
No star in their midnight sky.

•  
The burdened and weary,  
the sick and faint,  
Who moan out their despair  
Till the still air pulses  
with their complaint,  
And the pang of unheeded prayer.

Sweet choir of God, this  
Christmastide  
Sing out your song  
again;  
Is the Christ-child born?  
has He come to abide?  
Does it mean "Good  
will to men?"

•  
Shine out, O star, on their  
darkened way  
Whose eyes with tears  
are dim,  
The Christ-child lives  
somewhere to-day—  
Make clear the road to  
Him.  
—Mary Lowe Dickinson.



BY  
STAFF-  
CAPTAIN  
F. MORRIS.

### Chapter I.

#### COURT-MARTIALED.

**H**EWITH we are about to relate the story of one who, guided by strong self-will, followed the downward path faithfully from childhood to manhood, committing continuously such a chain of fearful offences against civil and martial law that if makes his life's story read more like fiction than truth. Unaffected by either kindness or punishment, he was never known to shed a tear until his heart was touched by a "God bless you," and a sympathetic word from a Salvationist—sufficient proof surely to show that there is still power in the Gospel of Christ. For obvious reasons we are concealing the identity of the subject of our sketch, but shall endeavor to chronicle faithfully the chief incidents connected with his remarkable life.

Jim was born in the south of England, in an ordinary family of ordinary circumstances, and up to the age of fourteen his life was uneventful, except that as a school-boy he was known better for his pugilistic propensities than for his scholastic attainments, never being known to receive a prize of any kind, either for attendance or good conduct. Early in his life, his family moved from Plymouth, the picturesque seaport of Devonshire, England, to Princetown, but Jim, upon graduating from the public school, decided that his environments were too restricting, and his long-cherished desires matured one night by his running away twenty-one miles, to his native town of Plymouth. Two days' journey, somewhat eventful, brought Jim to this great naval station, where, by the aid of forged papers procured from a boy, supposed to contain the sanction of his parents, he joined the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the old 46th, which had just returned from the Soudan, and being of a musical turn of mind, was given an instrument in the regimental band. His fondest hopes were thus realized. The fascinations of military life took possession of him at a tender age on account of his father being one of the officers of the Dartmoor Convict Prison, the spot where the famous Sir Robert Tichbourne was confined. The latter's remarkable story may be remembered by many, when the people of England and other lands, especially the citizens of the United States, were in a fever of indignation through the supposed injustice done to Sir Robert. The prisoner, it appears, had inherited the whole south-east portion of the land then used by the Government of Great Britain for naval and military stations. Through some technicality, while evidence was being given, Sir Robert was convicted and incarcerated in the Dartmoor Prison at the time Jim's father was an official there.

Jim took a lively interest in all such matters, and from infancy entertained in his heart the greatest admiration for the man in uniform.

Now we find him at Plymouth, a full-fledged bandsman, making such progress on his instrument that before two years had expired he was the solo horn player in this military musical organization.

Jim now being sixteen, felt himself to be a man. The young men at eighteen

years of age had access to the canteen, where spare money was paid over the counter for intoxicating drinks. Jim, being considered a minor, could not enter, but stood on the outside with a number of other thirsty juveniles, accepting with gratitude the mugs of liquor passed out to them by their comrades through a convenient window. In this way Jim managed to get a plentiful supply of the "stuff."

One Friday night he had been indulging very freely. The band had been ordered to play at the officers' mess that evening. When the time arrived Jim was feeling extremely brave and happy, and attacked the notes of his French horn too vigorously for the satisfaction of the bandmaster, who, by various signs and gestures made it known to Jim that he wished him to "ease off." But Jim smiled in response, with such malignant intent that the matter became very serious. His high-sounding instrument now was shrieking out at such a pitch that filled the bandmaster and bandsmen with consternation. This was not all; Jim, gratified with the conspicu-

The General Court-Martial considered his youth and gave the sentence of six months imprisonment.

### Chapter II.

#### IN THE NAVAL PRISON.

Immediately after Jim was confined to the Bodmin Naval Prison, where he learned, for a time at least, to be a vegetarian, and lived altogether on the appetising cereal of Indian corn, which was made more palatable by "aqua." According to the rules of the jail, the prisoners would receive so many marks a day for good conduct. If at the end of twenty-eight days there had been no misdemeanors, the prisoner would be entitled to meat once a week for the following twenty-eight days, and so forth until four months had passed by, when meat would be served twice a week; but by the loss of any marks Indian maize would form the sole food until the end of the sentence.

When hard labor had to be performed on this scanty diet, it will be understood the severity of the penalty imposed. Jim, while serving this term, was compelled to carry thirty-two pound shot, which crippled him after a time so much that he was unable to stand upright, let alone perform his heavy task. He was, therefore, sent to the doctor to be examined, who pulled him around considerably, had little sympathy, and told the officers to "try him on the sixteen." With painful effort Jim tried to do this, but failed, and at last refused to suffer any more in making efforts. He was seized by the officers and placed in a dungeon for three days, on bread and water.

At half-past seven in the morning everything was removed save some of his clothes. He was immediately placed in a dark cell, with water and a pound of dry bread. The prisoner does not see anything or hear anything until eight o'clock the following day, when he is taken out, washed, given another pound of bread, a pint of water, and thus he continues until the three days have expired.

At the expiration of six months Jim was released and sent, under escort, to join his regiment, which had removed from Plymouth to Pember Dock, South Wales. En route, he was held over at a place called Millbay, under instructions not to be found outside of the barracks gates; but Jim, knowing friends



The Discordant Finish of Jim's Solo on the French Horn.

business of his position, blew louder still. Now he approached the part of the selection where he was to play a horn solo. When he came to it, it was as though there had been a volcanic eruption. The loud, harsh sounds were terrifying in the extreme, and struck with horror the whole assembly. An officer sprang from his settee, and being obstructed by the bandstand, touched the arm of Jim to draw his attention to the gesticulations of the bandmaster, but in vain, and for his trouble received nothing but insolence, Jim telling him to "mind his own business." As a natural consequence, Jim was placed under arrest and ordered to the guard-house. He was in no way cowed by this proceeding, but said if he were going to prison he would have something to go for. The bandstands forthwith were made to fly in all directions, and his French horn used as a cudgel to flog the bandmaster, who, much abused, was taken to the hospital. After a severe struggle Jim was overcome and placed in the guard-room, there to await trial by court-martial for insolence to officer, disorderly conduct, etc.

in that locality, and having a wholesome appreciation for freedom, "broke out of barracks."

"There are always," according to Jim, "a number of men wherever you may find yourself who know the 'ins and outs' of things, and it was enough for me to make the request known that I desired to see the outside, for several to show me a means of escape, and proffer their assistance. I was therefore helped to mount the spiked gate and was soon free again. I made my way at once to the centre of the town, got drunk, and through being away so long from the barracks my absence was discovered. I was in trouble again. A squad of soldiers was sent after me, and I was put forthwith in the guardhouse, and sent, under escort to my regiment, where I was again tried by court-martial and sentenced to eighty-four days' imprisonment at Pembroke Dock."

Jim did not enjoy in the least the luxury (?) of confinement, and again only needed a suitable opportunity to present itself to break away. When brought before the commanding officer he was very insolent, and received an additional

eighty-four days. At this time Jim's idea was that by his repeated misconduct he would be dismissed as worthless, and thus obtain his discharge. In the ordinary run of things he would have to serve his twelve years, the length of time he had enlisted for as a boy.

Jim did not enjoy the last term of imprisonment any better than he had done those which preceded it, neither was his unconquerable spirit tamed in the least. With each punishment it would seem he took a deeper hatred of his commanding officers, and lost more of his own self-respect, so that his release from prison was always of short duration. "I hadn't been out long," Jim says, referring to his last imprisonment, "when I got on a drunk again, got fighting one night on a street in Pember Dock, resisted the police, and for my pains received another rest behind prison bars for fifty-six days. But this sentence did in no wise disconcert me. I went on the plan of having as good a time as I possibly could while I had the opportunity, and did not mourn over the loss of my freedom when it was taken away, but made the most of what there was at my disposal to pass the time as pleasantly as possible, and turn the hours to account while others were bemoaning their lot. If I could do nothing else I would indulge in some physical exercise in my cell or in drill—something or anything to pass the time away as cheerfully as possible."

"On this last occasion, I went to prison with the usual intention of making my escape if possible, and expected to be greatly assisted by a large pocket-knife, the blade of which I had hacked like a saw. With the butter and fat I had obtained from my meals, I had contrived a very effective file, with which I successfully cut through the bars in front of the window of my prison cell. This done, there was no great difficulty in making my presence scarce in prison, which I did in pretty quick order, only having been detained about a month. My freedom, however, did not last long; somehow or other the officers got "wind" of my breaking prison in an exceedingly short space of time and I was hardly pressed. Across Milford Haven I endeavored to make my way as quickly as I could, but a boat full of rowers had started after me, pulling the oars vigorously. Making a short cut, they intercepted me, quickly seized me, and returned me to a cell. For this last offence I was again tried before court-martial, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and found myself in Bodmin Prison once more, seeing the long term to which I was sentenced warranted my being placed there for safe keeping, sentences running twenty-eight, fifty-six, and eighty-four days for ordinary misdemeanors. I was guarded closely, and completed my full time inside prison walls."

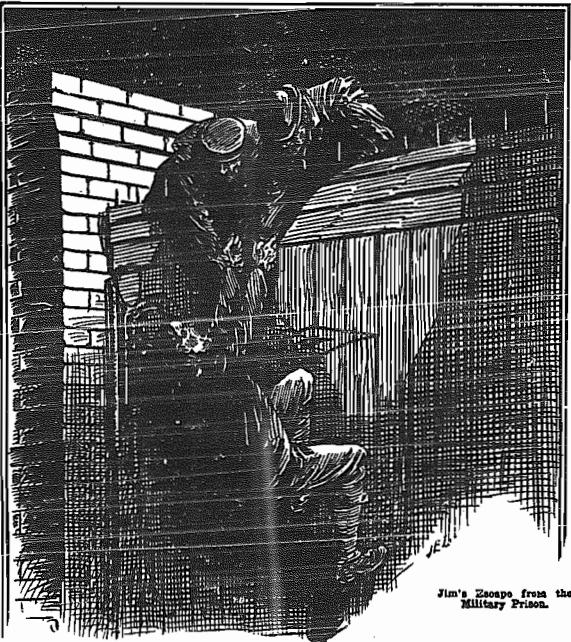
(To be continued.)

The character of Christ is an object of reverence and love to the good; the cause of sorrow, remorse and change, penitence and hope to the bad; of moral strength to the morally weak, of inspiration to the despondent, consolation to the desolate, and cheer to the dying; to the benevolent a motive to beneficence, to the selfish a persuasion to self-forgetful obedience; the living ideal that has steadied and raised, awed and guided youth, biassed and ennobled mankind, inellowed and beautified age.—Dr. Fairbairn.

# NO ROOM.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

"There was no room for them in the inn."  
Luke ii. 7.



Jim's Escape from the Military Prison.

well-watered district, richly covered with olives, vines, and fig trees, but like the rest of Palestine, at this time it was given over to hypocrisy, sham, worldliness, and money-making. The Jews were the servants of Satan, and were also under the iron heel of Rome.

Joseph's mind would be full of loving solicitation on account of Mary; though travel-stained and weary, he would anxiously seek accommodation at the inn. Their appearance did not denote wealth, hence there would be little disposition on the part of the inn-keeper to provide accommodation to the dusty, tired travelers.

"There was no room for them in the inn." So Joseph, the carpenter from Nazareth, was compelled to make a lodging for his young wife in a stable, amongst the cattle.

The Jews were noted for their generous hospitality to strangers. Why, then, under the exceptional circumstances, and considering Mary's delicate health, was not room made for them? No room—nobody tried to make room. Why?

The greatest event in this poor world's history was about to take place—the coming of Him for whom Israel had hoped and longed was near, "The dayspring from on high" was at hand, and yet this crowd which had been gathered to their native city, that they might be enrolled, knew it not, and probably cared little. He, for

whom generations had been eagerly watching and waiting, was about to come forth in human guise; His home was to be a stable, His cradle a manger. The long-looked-for, expected, promised Messiah was already waiting to enter this beautiful city, but they did not know; so there was no room available—no room made. So the mother of Jesus was lodged among the cattle, and nestled to her breast her first-born in that lowly place; there the Son of God, the world's Redeemer, the Saviour of mankind, was born.

*Born in a stable and manger,  
In this, His own world, was a stranger.*

If it had been a royal pageantry, had there been a gorgeous display of wealth, or a vast cavalcade with a great retinue of servants, then, in some way, room would have been made; but for the carpenter of Nazareth, with his wife, nobody troubled, they must take their luck with the jostling crowd, who had come from all parts of Palestine to Bethlehem. First come, first served, the wealthy, of course, having the choice of room.

There seems to be at least two reasons why nobody put themselves about to make room for the parents of Jesus:

(1) *They had come from Nazareth*, a city hated and despised, and perhaps for good reasons, for Nazareth had not an envious reputation. It will be remembered that when Nathaniel was told that Jesus was the Messiah, he asked if any good thing could come out of Nazareth.

(2) *They were travel-stained*. They had come a long way. Instead of this exciting the sympathy of the Bethlehemites, it appears to have had the contrary effect upon them. The inn-keeper could see but little profit for putting himself about to accommodate such lodgers. He looked at the outward appearance. The stable was the proper place of rest for them.

What happened in that Judean city—perhaps unintentionally—(for if the citizens had known of a truth that the Son of God was to be born there and then, some of them would have made some preparation), has been going on in the world ever since. There is no room for Jesus. He is crowded out of men's thoughts, out of their plans, out of their lives—no room for Jesus. There is room for pleasure, business, and money-making, and worldliness; there is room for politics, room for science, room for art, music, and literature, but Jesus is kept outside.

Why is there no room for Jesus in men's hearts? When the angels sang to herald His coming, their song was, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men," and we know wherever Christ comes, He brings light and love, peace and joy, hope and heaven. Thousands who are now in sin's dark bondage would be freed from the chains that bind them, the sorrows that encompass them, and the doom that awaits them, if they would but make room for Jesus. He came to bear our griefs, carry our sorrows and to die for our sins. Why, then, is room not made for Him? Because He will not share room with pride, selfishness, worldliness, or sin; He will be the only occupant of the heart, the only controller of the life.

*Make room for Him.* Do not say there is no room for Jesus because becoming His follower may bring trial, loss, cross-bearing, and self-denial. It certainly means lowliness, humility and crucifixion of self. Do not deny room to Jesus because He demands a complete surrender, and an unwavering allegiance, for His yoke is easy, His burden is light. *Make room now.* Do not turn your back upon Him. Self-seeking, worldliness, and folly will only bring the bitterest consequences, but with Jesus in the heart we have the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come. *Make room for Him*, and then, by-and-bye, when He comes in His glory, and the holy angels with Him, He will make room for you at His right hand, you will be included in His words of "Well done! Come ye blessed," you will join the blood-washed before the throne, you will unite in singing the glad anthem to Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.

# LAZARUS IN INDIA.

BY COMMISSIONER T. HENRY HOWARD,  
Secretary for Foreign Affairs, International Headquarters.

**T**HE story of Lazarus at the gate of the rich man is a parable which has been effectively used to illustrate the sufferings and woes of the homeless, foodless, friendless section of the people. The man who *has* is made to feel his duty to share with the man who *has not*; the full must administer to the empty; the rich must relieve the necessities of the poor. Great sorrow has been allayed by even a faint recognition of this principle. Lazarus has often received at least the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table.

But the parable may also, with fitness, be taken up in the interests of those native races of the earth, who, alas! are perishing for the lack of the Bread of Life, and dying in the darkness of heathen superstition. It is especially applicable where, as in India and Ceylon, these tribes or peoples are the subjects of a dominant Christian race, which draws part of its wealth and glory from the possession of the land where the heathen races dwell; and still more is it so when the dominant people are in possession of that spiritual light and blessing which is withheld from the poor heathen, and which, if made universal, would transform the conquered land into a paradise of God on earth.

Let me point to India's lower races as the *Lazarus at the gate of Christian England*, and on behalf of that people plead that more than crumbs shall be sent from the richly-spread table of Christ's professed servants. Multitudes of these Indians, in the midst of whom the Salvation Army has planted its flag, are, like Lazarus, naked and starving, sick and sore, whilst the caste dogs lick the wounds, or worry the life out of these poor victims of heathen misery and superstition.

The period of our work has been short, and experimental stages have necessarily marked our operations; but we believe that the results far more than repay the toil and sacrifice on the part of our devoted officers, both those now living and those in heaven, and if thoroughly known, would more than compensate our friends for their sympathy and liberality.

Perhaps one of the most significant evidences of the adaptability of the Army's methods is that the work is being carried on largely by the natives of India, the majority of whom were, in days gone by, heathen idol-worshippers.

About 100 European, American, and Colonial officers are engaged in various responsible positions, but we have over 1,600 men and women of the country fully employed in the glorious work of preaching and teaching salvation in upwards of 1,500 places in India. The rate of progress will be seen in the fact that the number of native officers and teachers, including the Cadets in training, has, during the past five years, increased by over 800 men and women.

During the same period the Army has developed a widespread system of education. Besides the Boarding School and Industrial Homes, in which nearly 700 boys and girls (the majority of whom were taken from among the

famine victims) are being trained for useful Christian service, we have 400 Village Day Schools, with upwards of 10,000 children under our influence. In our schools we seek the salvation of the children, as well as their general instruction. Many of these schools are earning the Government Educational Grant, and with a view to further developing the work the General has recently decided upon the establishment of Normal Institutions for the training of carefully-selected young people to become teachers in the Village Schools.



Commissioner and Mrs. T. H. Howard, International Headquarters.

A chapter could be very well written, if space permitted, on the Army's Social Work in India,

An Ex-Prisoners' Home, in Colombo, to the support of which the Ceylon Government contributes a monthly grant; Rescue Homes in various cities; a Farm Colony, where the Colonists and their families, with an Industrial School, number about 124; local Banks in various centres, for the assistance of Village Brotherhoods, and other schemes in course of preparation, give some indication of our efforts to improve the social and spiritual condition of the people.

In these Indian fields we have, if I may be allowed to use the expression, to "play Providence" in all sorts of ways. In times of sickness among the poor people the officer must act as nurse, medical attendant, and, alas! often as undertaker, to those who are carried away by cholera or some other epidemic. In cases of oppression, and attempts to filch the little land from the poor cultivator, the officer must act as mediator, legal adviser, and often as advocate before the magistrate on behalf of the sufferer. If there is a country where a "poor man's lawyer" is a necessity, it certainly is so in India; for the efforts of the higher caste men to oppress and defraud the pariahs, or low caste cultivators, are as frequent as they are vexatious.

Of the service rendered by our officers during the terrible famine times of recent years, our readers have some idea; but only those who have looked upon the gatherings of the poor, famished, semi-skeletons around our Food Depots or Free Distribution Stations, can realize the extent and importance of the work done during the repeated famines. But famine conditions not only mean hunger, suffering, and death to multitudes, but the breaking up of village communities, and the scattering of families whose greatest joy was to be united in their native villages. Little groups of converts were compelled to wander far, and mix up with gross heathen. Any plan, therefore, which could hold a Salvationist community together was an unspeakable blessing, not only to the poor souls themselves, but to the Kingdom of Jesus Christ; and in many cases our officers were able to render this valuable service.

The same urgent necessity exists in districts where plague ravages the community, and carries off Salvationists among other victims. Without going back to the terrible ravages of a few years ago, we have within the last few weeks received news of terrible losses among our dear people. In one district in the Marathi country the Army lost within a few days seven or eight valuable native officers, and in one Division of Gujarat over three hundred Salvation Soldiers were swept away by the plague, in addition to several native officers holding important positions. All this means widespread sorrow; homes are desolated, families are broken up, and the eyes of our poor people turn to the Army leaders for comfort and assistance.

Although from the commencement of our work in India our officers have rendered medical assistance in a small way in various places, yet our first Dispensary and Hospital, near Nagercoil, South Travancore, was not commenced until August 1896. This is now the centre of our medical operations in South India.

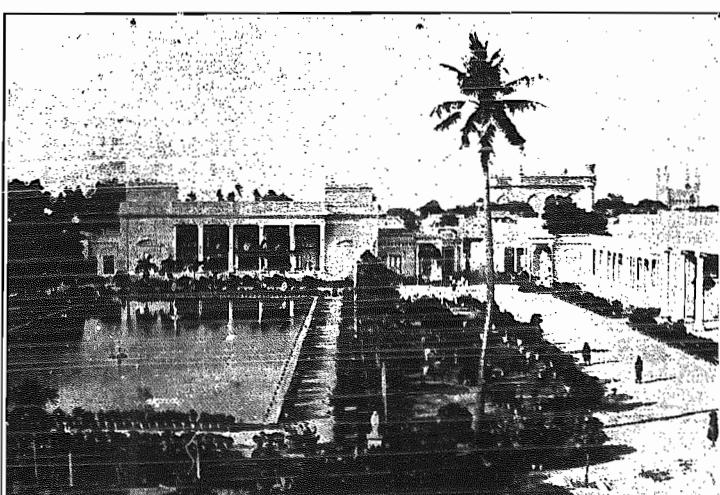
Some idea of the work there, which has gradually increased, may be gathered from the following figures for six months of last year:

In-Patients (standing accommodation 17) 137

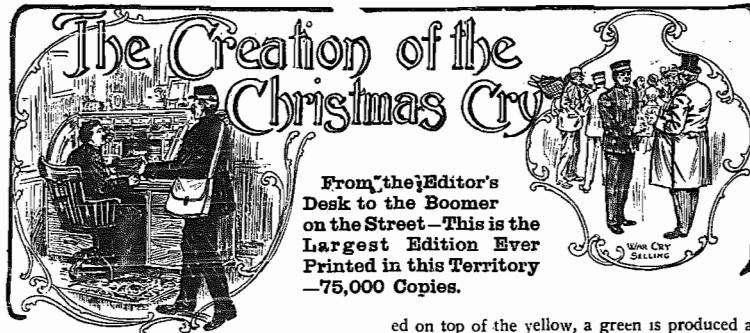
Out-Patients ..... 8,843

Arrangements are now proceeding for the establishment of a Dispensary and Hospital in Gujarat, where, we believe, equally beneficial results will be secured.

The maintenance of our work in India, including grants in aid for 2,000 officers, the erection of village barracks, and the extension of the work already promised, will this year involve an expenditure of about \$95,000. Space will not permit me to give any of the interesting stories which are before me, relating to the conversion of heathens and the strenuous persecution which they have frequently to endure to maintain their faith, but there are many proofs that point to the conclusion that our Hindoo soldiers have embraced the primitive Christian faith of the Gospel, and that the fruits of it are in abundant evidence.



The Nizam's Palace, Hyderabad, India.



From the Editor's Desk to the Boomer on the Street—This is the Largest Edition Ever Printed in this Territory  
—75,000 Copies.

**A**S our readers turn over the pages of this Christmas number, admiring its illustrations and reading its contents, probably very few will fully understand the amount of labor entailed in its production. For that reason it will probably prove interesting to many of our patrons to give a brief resume of the process by which a special number of the War Cry is produced.

The beginning of the Christmas Cry has, on more than one occasion, dated twelve months previous to its completion. Perhaps an idea is some day conceived of a design that would make an attractive cover or supplement for the Christmas number, and the Editor at once sets to work to carry it out. An artist is consulted and instructed to proceed with the designs. Various sketches are submitted and finally passed by the Commissioner, after which the accepted drawings, together with a color sketch, are sent to the engraver to make the blocks from which designs and illustrations are printed.

An engraver's calling requires much of the artistic temperament to reproduce the peculiar life and the right combination of colors in the blocks required for the cover design, as well as to bring out all the value of a sketch or photo to be reproduced in black printing ink. The chief of the Army's Photo-Engraving Department has been with us for over ten years now, and under his able direction that department has become one of the leading establishments of its kind in Toronto, as can be judged from the fact that quite a number of the leading merchants of that city place their orders for photo-engraving entirely with the Army.

Taking this year's issue as an example, the artist's border design is first photographed, then transferred onto three sheets of specially-prepared zinc. After that each sheet of zinc is treated separately in such a manner as to be used for the printing of one of the three colors used in their combination to produce the final effect. For instance, the first sheet prints all the parts to appear in yellow, as well as those to appear green (the blue being printed over the latter parts); all other parts of the design are erased. In this manner the three color plates are run successively—first the yellow, then the red, lastly the blue. Wherever the blue is print-

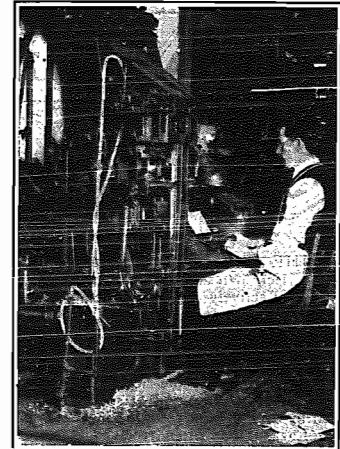
ed on top of the yellow, a green is produced as a fourth color, and where all three colors are printed on top of each other, as in the letters "War Cry," a rich dark brown is the result, giving a fifth color.

The centre illustration depicting the Announcing Angel, is a fine reproduction of a famous painting, and had to be treated separately. It is "etched," or engraved, on copper, in a way called "half-tone process."

While the engraver was at work the paper had been ordered from the mill, being especially made on account of size and quality required. The quantity required for the covers only (four pages each) was three thousand pounds. Each of the 75,000 sheets was run through the press four times, requiring in all 300,000 "runs" on the press; calculating on the average that the press "runs off" 1,000 sheets per hour, this means 300 hours press work, apart from the time it required to "make ready," that is, have the forms so arranged on the press that a perfect impression is the result. The "make ready" requires several hours' skilful work.

In the same manner much thought and time is expended upon the choice of a good subject for the supplement, its engraving and printing.

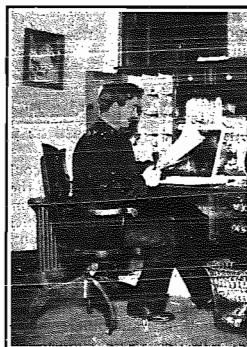
While all this is going on the Editorial Secretary is kept busy writing letters to those desired to contribute to the special number, and in confidence we may say it, we think it fortunate if a tenth of the letters soliciting contributions are answered in an affirmative manner. The Editor is kept employed devising a variety of designs, deciding illustrations, contriving new features, and hunting up photos, at the same time puzzling who else can be induced to contribute just the desirable manuscript. He wants a leading article from the Commissioner, of course, as without it no Christmas number would be complete. But then, the Commissioner is a very busy personage, and it requires vigilance and importunity to succeed there. He wants one or two good stories, some poetry, some special articles of diverse natures; instructive, interesting, edifying, and attractive, appealing to all the various dispositions of his readers. Then as the "copy" comes in, he reads, edits, boils down, divides into chapters, instructs illustrators and type-setters, or—feeds the insatiable waste-paper basket. Considering that the special issue contains more than twice the number of pages



The Typesetting Machine in Operation.

than an ordinary edition, and that all the regular weekly features are abandoned, such as corps reports, special reports, news items, foreign news, War Cry competition, history class, medical column, etc. (which means nearly half the printing in the weekly Cry), there must be naturally a great deal of extra effort to secure and edit all the extraordinary matter required.

Piece by piece the manuscript is handed to the composing-room and set up in irregular columns, placed on trays, called "galleys," and "proved up" by hand, to give a rough print of the type in order to be read by the proof-reader, who corrects all typographical errors, and returns the proof to the compositor for rectification of the faulty lines. The ordinary "body type" of the War Cry is set by a machine called the Linotype, which one man operates, very much like a typewriter. As each key is pressed down the corresponding matrix of a letter is released, and they all fall into line. When one line is completed the machine automatically spaces the words, pours molten type-metal over the matrices, throws out the cast line, and distributes the matrices again, while the operator continues setting.



Staff-Capt. Morris Exercises the Editorial Scissors.

But there are the head-lines, sub-heads, special pieces, etc., which still require to be set "at the case" by hand. When the first-proofs are corrected, another proof, called the "revise," is "pulled," and after the proof-reader has, by comparison with the first proof-sheets, made certain that all previous mistakes have been rightly corrected, and marked any still existing faults, the revises are initialed by the Editor, who marks on it any final alterations, head-lines, and sub-lines desired, etc.

The next step is the "making-up" of the page forms. Our illustration shows Mr. Murray "at the stone" (the stone-topped table on which this is performed). Mr. Murray, who is responsible for the "make up" of the War Cry, has been in the Army printing office for eight years. The Editor makes a "dummy" to show what articles are to go on each page and the place for the illustrations. The special Christmas Cry, apart from supplement and cover, contains thirty-two pages, which are divided into four forms of eight pages each. This is to say a sheet of War Cry paper, when printed first, has the impressions of eight pages on it, after



General Editorial Office.  
Abode of Ensign Whitteker, the Editorial Secretary.





Making-up the Pages of the War Cry Ready for the Press.

which it is turned over and imprinted with another eight pages. Two sheets, therefore, furnish thirty-two pages of matter and require four separate impressions to produce one War Cry, apart from the cover and supplement. Now, the first eight pages to be printed are not numbered in succession, but appear as follows:

11 | 9 | 7 | 10  
14 | 3 | 2 | 15

The pages numbered upside down indicate that the type appears upside down on those pages before the sheet is folded. When the next form of eight pages is made up the page numbers appear as follows:

6 | 8 | 5 | 21  
16 | 1 | 4 | 13

Printed on the back of the other form, and folded right-side up, the pages will then appear in the right succession. Still in arranging the separate forms, one can readily see the appearance of the whole must be borne in mind, which, on account of the apparent reckless numbering of each form, seems confusing. This appears especially necessary in the case of a "turn-over." Sometimes an article to be commenced on page 1 and to be continued on page 2 must be set up all through, since the end of it on p. 1 will be printed first, while the beginning on p. 1 is printed with the second form.

The press operations are under the direction of Mr. Manton, a son of Staff-Capt. Manton, and has been for many years in our employ.

As the sheets leave the press they are transferred from time to time to the folding machine, which automatically feeds sheet after sheet into the folding tapes, where it is folded four times.

From the folding-table the folded War Cry sheets go to the stitcher. Here the various parts are placed in the cover, and receive two wire stitches by a very ingenious machine.

Then the War Crys are trimmed on the cutting machine, and finally taken in hand by Capt. Stolliker, in charge of the despatch of all our publications. First a complete set of addressed labels are placed in order of distance and transportation line. Then the quantities for each place are parcelled up in brown paper, tied



How the Paper Used for the Christmas Edition would Look if Piled up in Flat Sheets Outside the S. A. Temple, Toronto.



The Proof-Reader at Work.



How the War Cry are Stitched.

and labeled, then placed in mailing bags. The supplies to larger places fill one bag alone; smaller places go together according to their successive location on a railway. Finally they are transported in wagon loads to the railway post office, and from thence despatched on the next trains. The Christmas edition fills 125 mail bags, and requires our expressman to make 10 trips with his wagon from the Printing Office to the station.

The farthest corps are supplied first, and the others in rotation. For instance, first comes Alaska, British Columbia, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, then the North-West, the Eastern Provinces, lastly Ontario.

Of course, a special edition requires much over-time in its production on the part of the compositors and pressmen, day and night shifts being necessary. The Christmas issue demands no less than 675,000 revolutions of the printing press. The quantity of paper used is enormous, and every sheet has to be handled nearly a dozen times from the time of delivery until it is completed, which means much physical exertion in itself. The entire edition requires eleven tons, or twenty-two thousand pounds, of paper, and about 250 lbs. of printing ink. If that quantity of paper were

stacked in one obelisk it would measure eighty feet in height, and if laid side by side in sheets would form a path one hundred and fifty-eight miles long.

The Editor's responsibility is to supply the designs, illustrations, contents, etc., in short, to produce the War

Cry from a literary standpoint, while the Trade Secretary is responsible for all business operations connected with the purchase of the material for the production and sale of the War Cry, etc. He is ably seconded by Adj't. Attwell, who is particularly responsible for the Printing Section of the Trade Department. Special mention should be made also of Mr. Crowe, a substantial Scotchman, who came into the employ of the Army with the purchase of the Printing House in 1891. He looks well after our interests.



Capt. Stolliker, at His Task of Packing, Labeling, and Mailing the War Cry.

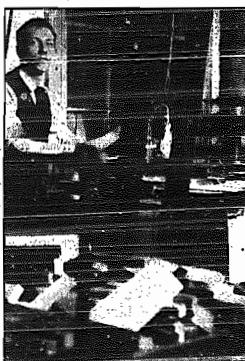
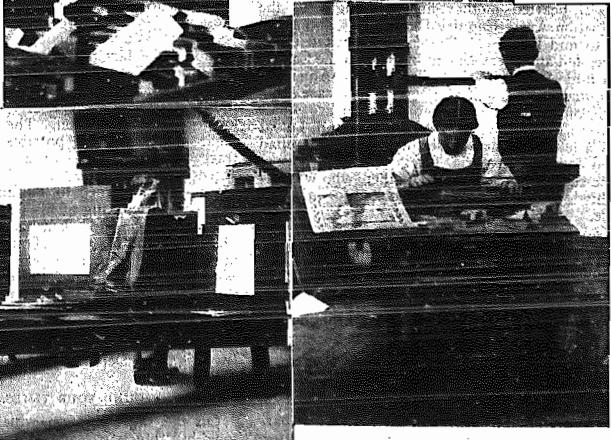


Photo-Engraving Department.

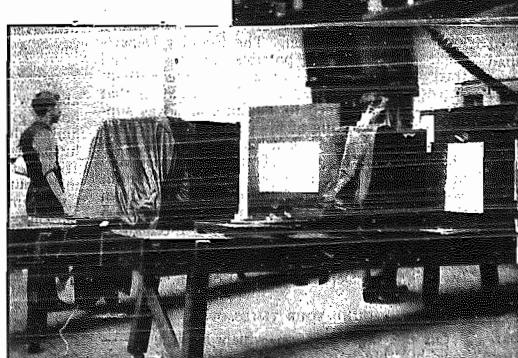
Machine Room.



Finishing Room.



The Trade Secretary, Brigadier Gorn, in His Office.



Operating Room.

## Seeking the Lost.

**S**EAKING the lost is our business in more than the spiritual sense of the word. One of the most efficient branches of Army work is the International Inquiry Department, with central offices in every country where the Army is located, and made especially successful by the world-wide circulation of our War Crys.

Few people have any idea of the army of people who disappear every week. Thousands of relatives and friends are separated from each other, often through peculiar circumstances, changes of residence and employment, sometimes through their own follies and sins, and lose all trace of each other. Broken-hearted mothers, worried over the whereabouts of their wandering boys, forsaken wives, anxious children—in short, all conditions of people come to us to implore our aid to find their missing relatives, and we are glad to note that in many cases we are meeting with success, when other agencies have proved insufficient.

Brigadier Collier, the Chief Secretary's Assistant, who also conducts the Inquiry Department for this Territory, has kindly furnished us with a few striking incidents of the numerous cases which have been found through his branch of work, which we print below with a view of giving our readers some idea of the kind of work the Inquiry Department accomplishes.

### FOUND TWO BROTHERS, MISSING FOR TWELVE YEARS, WITHIN A WEEK.

A lady called at the Inquiry Office one day asking us to try and trace her two brothers, who had not been heard from for twelve years, at which time they were living in North Dakota.

The advertisement in our War Cry brought a letter in less than a week from one of the brothers, informing us that he had seen his name inquired after in the Missing Column, and hastened to send his address, and that of his brother, which were communicated to the inquiring sister without delay.

### MOTHER HEARS OF HER BOY IN THE WEST.

A young man left his home in London, Ont., and went to the United States to better his position. For some time he corresponded with his mother regularly, but after some time his letters ceased to arrive, and for many long and weary months nothing whatever was heard of the boy. The broken-hearted mother finally thought of the Salvation Army Enquiry Department, and asked us to find her boy. The case was taken up at once, and an advertisement inserted in the Canadian and American War Crys. Our American Enquiry Department also took up the case from their office. For many months no trace whatever of the missing boy could be found, but at last a letter reached us stating that the boy had been found in Astoria, Oregon. News was at once sent to the sorrowing mother, who was delighted to receive the long-awaited for intelligence.

### FOUND—BUT DEAD.

Last April the Enquiry Department of International Headquarters, England, requested us to try and locate "A. W.—", 35 years of age, last heard of in North Dakota, where he had been working as cook." One of the firms he had worked for previously was written to, and we received word that W.—had gone from their employ to C.—, and they had been informed he had since died. We wrote at once to C.— for further information, to which we received the reply that the firm could not give any particulars, but, on receipt of our second letter, wrote to say that W.—had worked for them, and one night had taken a drink of wood-alcohol

by mistake and died from the effects of the same. An inquest had been held and the remains decently buried. This case had a sad ending, but perhaps had the S. A. not taken it up, the poor mother would never have known what had become of her lost boy.

### A STRANGE PRESENTIMENT.

D.— immigrated from England some time ago, leaving his wife in the Old Country. He was supposed to have settled somewhere in the Western part of Canada, being a miner by trade. His wife in England received a clipping from a newspaper in connection with a British Columbian mining disaster, in which the name of D.— appeared. As she had not heard anything of her husband for such a long time, she feared this might be the same individual, and applied to our International Investigation Department, London, for help. We received the enquiry and inserted an advertisement in the War Cry; also sent a letter to the last known address of Mr. D.—. In a short time we received an answer stating that D.— had not been injured in the disaster, and that he and his children were alive.

Strange to say, some few months after this the Enquiry Secretary saw in one of the Toronto papers where a Mr. D.— had been killed in an explosion in a British Columbia town. He wrote the Chief of Police and found out that it was the same individual. This sad intelligence was conveyed to his wife in the Old Land.

turning from a trip to the Old Land. Seeing our Ensign in uniform, Mr. J.— got into conversation with him, and told him he was anxious to find John C.—, who, if living, would be about sixty-two years of age. On the Ensign's arrival in Toronto he saw me and told me of Mr. J.'s inquiry. All the information to base an investigation on was that C.— had last been heard from at \_\_\_\_\_, in B.C., ten years ago, where he then worked as a miner. An advertisement, with a reprint of a photo, was inserted in the Missing Column of the War Cry. The postmaster of the British Columbia town was also communicated with, and he replied that a gentleman of the name inquired after lived at another village in B. C., but he did not know whether he was the identical individual. Two weeks later a letter reached me from another party, with the clipping from the Cry attached, stating where we could find Mr. C.—. I at once wrote direct to the man, but before my letter had time to reach him I received one from Mr. C.— himself, with the same clipping from the Cry, asking for particulars concerning the person who was inquiring after him. In the course of a few days yet another letter, from a different source, reached the Enquiry Department, so that, within two weeks, we had found John C.— four times, and thus were enabled to put Mr. J.— into communication with his friend.

### FOUND WITH THE WAR CRY'S IN HIS POCKET.

James M.— was a young Irishman, who came to Canada some years ago and settled in Manitoba, but for many long months had not written to his aged mother in the Old Country. In her distress and loneliness she asked the Salvation Army Enquiry Department in London, England, to help her in locating her lost boy. Our Canadian Enquiry Department was informed and at once inserted the particulars, with a photo of the young man, in the Cry. For some months every effort proved fruitless, until one day we received a telegram from an undertaker in a western city, informing us that M.— was dead, and asking instructions about his burial. Upon receiving further details we learned that M.— had died in the hospital. When his remains were given over to the undertaker for burial two Canadian War Crys, with the advertisement and photo in the Missing Column, were found in his pocket. This led to his identification.

The undertaker, in his letter, stated that he had given M.— a cheap, but decent, burial, and informed us that the service was conducted by the officers in charge of our work in that city, and was largely attended.

We communicated with the English Enquiry Department, who, in turn, conveyed the sad intelligence to the poor mother, who was almost broken-hearted at the news, but very grateful to the S. A. for the efforts put forth.



We could multiply these instances, but the above will suffice. We are finding the wayward boy or girl, we are bringing together lost parents and children, we aid wives to locate missing husbands, and we are searching and finding lost friends in all quarters of the globe. Even in many out-of-the-way parts of the world the War Cry seems to penetrate and help in locating lost persons, for we have found people in the interior of Africa, and the creeks of the Klondyke; in the South Sea Islands and in China; through the agency of the War Cry.

A charge of fifty cents is made for the insertion of a missing advertisement, to cover printing expenses, but the department itself has no income. If at any time a person is too poor to pay the small charge made, none are turned away, but the advertisement is inserted gratis and the search made with equal thoroughness.



Employees of the S. A. Printing House and Photo-Engraving Department.

### HUSBAND AND CHILDREN LOCATED.

W. J. M. left his wife and two small children in the Old Country when coming to Canada, bringing his two oldest boys with him. He was supposed to have come to Toronto, and an address was sent us where some trace of him might be found. We took this case up. Investigation disclosed the fact that M.— had left Toronto, gone to the Province of Quebec, and from there to an American city. Search was then made for the two boys, who were, after persistent effort, located in an institution. The Enquiry Department followed every possible clue to try and trace the father, but for a long time without success. One day I received information that M.— had returned to Toronto, and was supposed to be working at his trade. We also discovered that he had taken his two children from the Home, and his whereabouts were practically unknown. I went to a place where I thought M.— might be working, and upon enquiry from the foreman of the shop found my supposition confirmed; M.— was then acting foreman of that establishment. These particulars were at once communicated, through the International Investigation Department at London, to Mrs. M.—.

### FOUND FOUR TIMES OVER.

On the same ship on which Ensign L.— took his return passage from England, where he had been spending a short but well-earned furlough, was a Mr. J.—, who was also re-

BY  
MRS BRIG. SOUTHLANDSecretary for  
Women's Social Work  
and  
League of Mercy.

NUMBER of women (and a few men) are to be found in most of the larger cities throughout this Territory whose services are little known, but highly appreciated by those who feel the benefit of their labors. The work done by these women—most of them mothers, and having the care of a family—is done with unswerving faithfulness and as regularly as that night follows the day.

They perform their quiet and merciful errands on the allotted day week after week all the year round. Inmates of hospitals, jails, reformatories, Homes for Incurables, Aged People and other institutions up and down the country, know almost the minute the "poke bonnet"—and in some cases the Army cap—will put in an appearance, and at once their hopes are raised, for they know its owner is the bearer of a blessing, either in prayer, a few promises from the Bible, a cheering word, or the inspiring testimony of our little white-winged messenger, the War Cry. Thousands of copies of the latter are distributed free every week in the Institutions visited by the League of Mercy members.

The League is being organized in several new places, and the members are given a commission direct from the Territorial Headquarters, Toronto, to which the person in charge reports to the Women's Social Department. If there is any corps in which such work is done and has not been reported in the past—and as the Commissioner is anxious that we should have a record of it—the officer in charge of such corps is desired to have the person in charge of the work report the same without delay.

Taking Toronto as an example of the work done by the League, the following Institutions are visited weekly: General Hospital, Grace Hospital, Home for Incurables, House of Industry, Mercer Reformatory, Jail, etc.

About three hundred War Crys, besides other Army literature, are distributed free in these Institutions every week.

One of the sisters who visits the Mercer was telling me of two incidents that have happened in connection with the meetings held recently:

1. An old lady of nearly sixty years of age had been a Christian for only about five years, and had fallen through drink. She came forward in a League meeting, and has since been living an exemplary life.

2. A young girl came forward, and during her term proved faithful, and gave testimony before the other inmates of the change that had come into her life. She is now a soldier in one of our corps, and doing well.

The extract below is taken from a letter I have received from one of our League sisters in the city. It so well represents the character of their work, as well as the spirit in which it is done, that I prefer it to speak for itself:

"God is blessing our work at the hospital. There are so many who look for our coming every week. One week a man who was very sick gave his heart to God; the next week when we went he had gone to his reward. One of the other patients told me he

was all right when the end came. Another young man, a backslider, gave himself to God again three weeks ago, and is getting on nicely, and has a good testimony. Another young man we often urged to get saved, but he appeared indifferent. One day he came up to me with such a bright face, saying, 'I'm so glad to tell you I've got right with God.' It is such a joy now to find him reading his Bible.

"One man, who seemed to be better off than others, had a room to himself, and very often quite a few visitors. We have left him a War



Mrs. Brigadier Southall.

Cry and said a few cheerful words, although at times we have hardly liked to go in. We were so cheered last week when he told us, with tears in his eyes, how he appreciated our coming, and how much good our little visits have done him. He is a Christian.

"We are in love with our work, and we do get paid—not in money, but in blessings to our own souls, which money cannot buy."

I received the following from one of the sisters who visits the Home for Incurables:

"God has been pleased to bless our efforts during our visitation to this institution. Many sad cases have come under our notice from time

to time, but a kind word, a bright song, or any kindness that has been in our power to bestow, has helped somewhat to appease their suffering. One dear woman has been an inmate for over twenty-six years, yet not one murmur passed her lips, but rather praises to God for the many blessings she now enjoys. Many other instances could be related if space would permit.

"I would like to mention the kindness shown by the Matron and her Assistants. God bless them."

Another sister writes of the visits made to Grace Hospital:

"God has been blessing our weekly visits to this institution. Eagerly do the patients look forward for this, and especially to the distribution of the War Cry, which, I believe, is a means of much comfort and blessing to them. God has been pleased to give me one or two definite results to cheer me in my work."

Many more incidents could be given, and other information showing the extent of the work accomplished by the League of Mercy, which, in view of its merciful errands all the year round, is truly rightly named.

#### BRAVELY HOLDING ON.

Some years ago a lad met the Army in Madras, and was first impressed by the happiness of the Salvationists. He liked us, but his high-caste Hindoo parents warned him that he would break his caste if he continued to attend our meetings. Not in the least deterred by this threat, he boldly decided for Christ, and went to the penitent form. As a result, he had to leave his parents and friends, and went to live amongst low-caste natives; and only those who have been in India can appreciate how thorough his conversion must have been to have enabled him to do so. This young fellow was an only and dearly beloved son, and so strong was the tie between the young man and his parents, that since he became an officer the latter have visited him, and entreated him to return to his old village. They could not understand how he could become a Salvationist, and even thought him mad; and, although they could not come near him, they wanted to feel that he was within measurable distance. So they purchased a field a few yards from his old home, and this they offered him, with a pair of bullocks, if he would but leave the Army. But he holds on his way bravely. A scar on his forehead is a reminder of a severe beating he suffered at the hands of his high-caste friends just after he became an officer. The wife of this young man was also converted from Hindoosim. Her Father, a Jemadar in His Majesty's native forces, tried to turn her from her purpose, and she ran away from home rather than abandon her faith in Jesus. Now these two may be found conducting family prayers, and training two baby-girls. "Faith" and "Joy," as Salvationists.

#### OF HUMBLE BIRTH.

The Cradle of Christ was as wonderful as His cross. On that first Christ's Christmas He had only two friends. They were His parents. No satin-lined cradle, no delicate attention; but straw and the cattle, and the coarse joke and banter of the camel drivers. From the depth of poverty He rose, until to-day He is honored throughout all Christendom and sits triumphant upon the imperial throne in heaven. What name is mightiest to-day in Christendom? Jesus. Who has more friends on earth to-day than any other being? Jesus. Before whom do the most thousands kneel in chapel, and church, and cathedral? Jesus. From what depths of poverty to what heights of renown! And so let all those who are poorly started remember that they cannot be more poorly born than was our Christ.—Talmage.



Members of the League of Mercy, Toronto.

# The Link that Saved the World

BY  
BRIGADIER SOUTHALL.

**M**IIGHTY chain. Mighty because of its completeness. Mighty because of the eternal importance of either of its various links. More than mighty in its central link, which maintains the infinite character of the chain, while it reaches from eternity to eternity. Like the lightning flash that issues from the infinite to the infinite, but momentarily heralding its flashing passage by its illumination, so the chain of God's eternal decree for the world's salvation reaches out from infinity backward to infinity forward, and in its hanging reaches and clasps a condemned world, holding it to God and to heaven. This illustration holds good only in part, however, for God's plan is no passing influence, but the continuous working out of an eternal purpose. With exhaustless patience God has developed the great plan for the salvation of the race. Successive rebellions and enduring ingratitude in the people He sought to bless did not turn Him from His purpose to be merciful, and to restore a ruined world. Hence He determined that the means should be complete, and that it should be powerful enough for so great a purpose. With the advantage of forty centuries of testimony, we see that it has been so. The chain has also demonstrated the perfect fitness of each link to its own place, and for its own time until the next evolved in proper order out of the hand of the Eternal Architect. So with the next, and those following, and at length the Central Link, with its glorious clasp, appeared, since which the world has been glad in realizing a great purpose is working for its temporal and eternal welfare.

#### The Creation.

When the first link of the great chain was thrust out of the eternal vista there was no one to make inquiries as to the Master-mechanic's purpose. But as soon as He could open up correspondence with man, God was anxious that the creature should not only know and act in harmony with the Creator's plan, but also assist in carrying it to a glorious finish.

Alas! that man should so often use the greatest blessing God can give him for his own undoing and destruction. Men make their freedom and free-will the means for destroying that which is best in them. God could have made Adam an automaton, but He could get no voluntary service out of a machine. There would be no merit on God's part, and no virtue in man, if the latter was but an unconscious factor in a given purpose, as a chisel in the hands of a carpenter.

Thus, after God had spoken to the chaotic mass that He purposed making the home of the nations, and brought order and beauty out of it, He finished the work of creation. Man, the highest monument of creative genius, was made last, and to him was entrusted the whole of this mighty creation, with authority over all, and only limited by one condition.

How glorious was that kingship which Adam enjoyed, and how blissful must have been the surroundings and influences of that high and holy position, where he reigned as the absolute

representative of the great Creator. It seems almost impossible that he should so easily forfeit his glorious right, but the fact is only too well attested. Neither the existence and power of sin, nor the mystic and majestic power that destroys it, can be accounted for only in accordance with Bible revelation. Only fools of a stubborn type will attempt to do otherwise with facts as clear and as common as the sunshine.

Sin! sin!! sin!!! The destroyer of the first man and still permitted to go on with its deadly work, of defacing the image of God in man, making distorted and ugly that which would otherwise be beautiful and lovely. Sin severed the chain which had the interests of the race been in the hands of fate, would have sunk the world to eternal estrangement and darkness: but the eternal love of the Father held a saving alternative in its bosom. Thus the fearful catastrophe of a world crashing down to the depths of oblivion was averted by the manifestation of a love that is beyond comprehension.

#### The Covenant.

With fearful force sin sped on its destructive errand, and, like all evil, its own momentum increased that force, until the whole earth shook and tottered as if staggering to certain doom. The blight of sin smirched everything that was fair with its hideous mark of degeneracy and vileness.

"God looked upon the earth." He saw that drastic measures were not only necessary, but that none other would avail. He, therefore, gives instructions to Noah, and makes provision for the fulfilment of His plan, for even yet His attitude toward the race is that of mercy and forbearance.

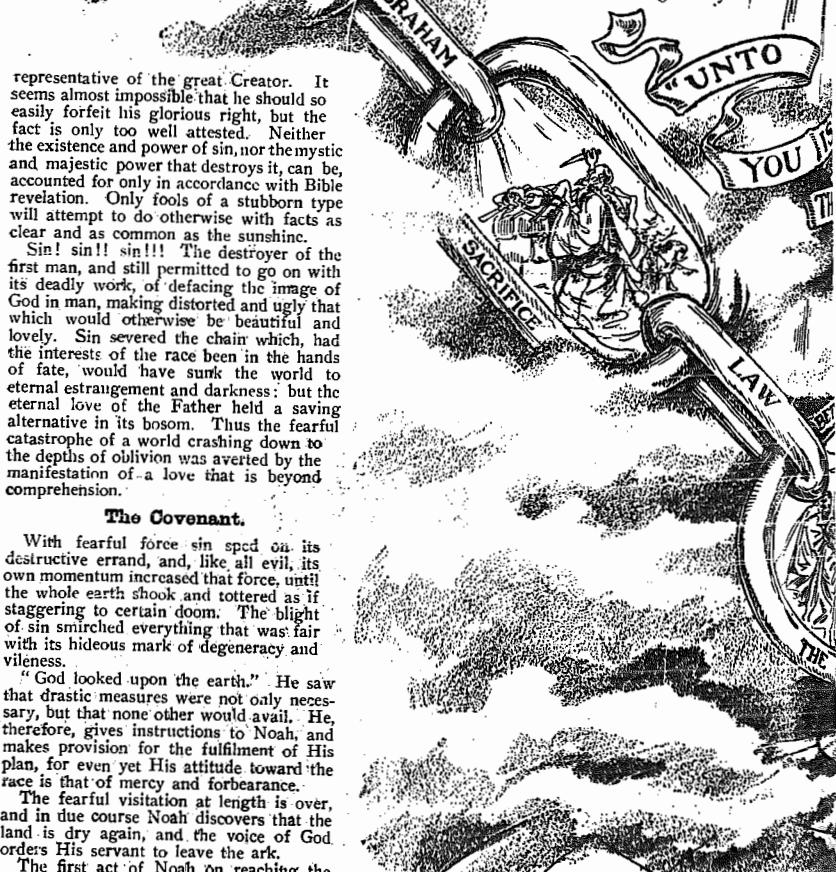
The fearful visitation at length is over, and in due course Noah discovers that the land is dry again, and the voice of God orders His servant to leave the ark.

The first act of Noah on reaching the land is to raise an altar, thus strengthening

and perpetuating the chain that had been threatened by sin. God is pleased with the voluntary service of His servant and blesses him for his faithfulness.

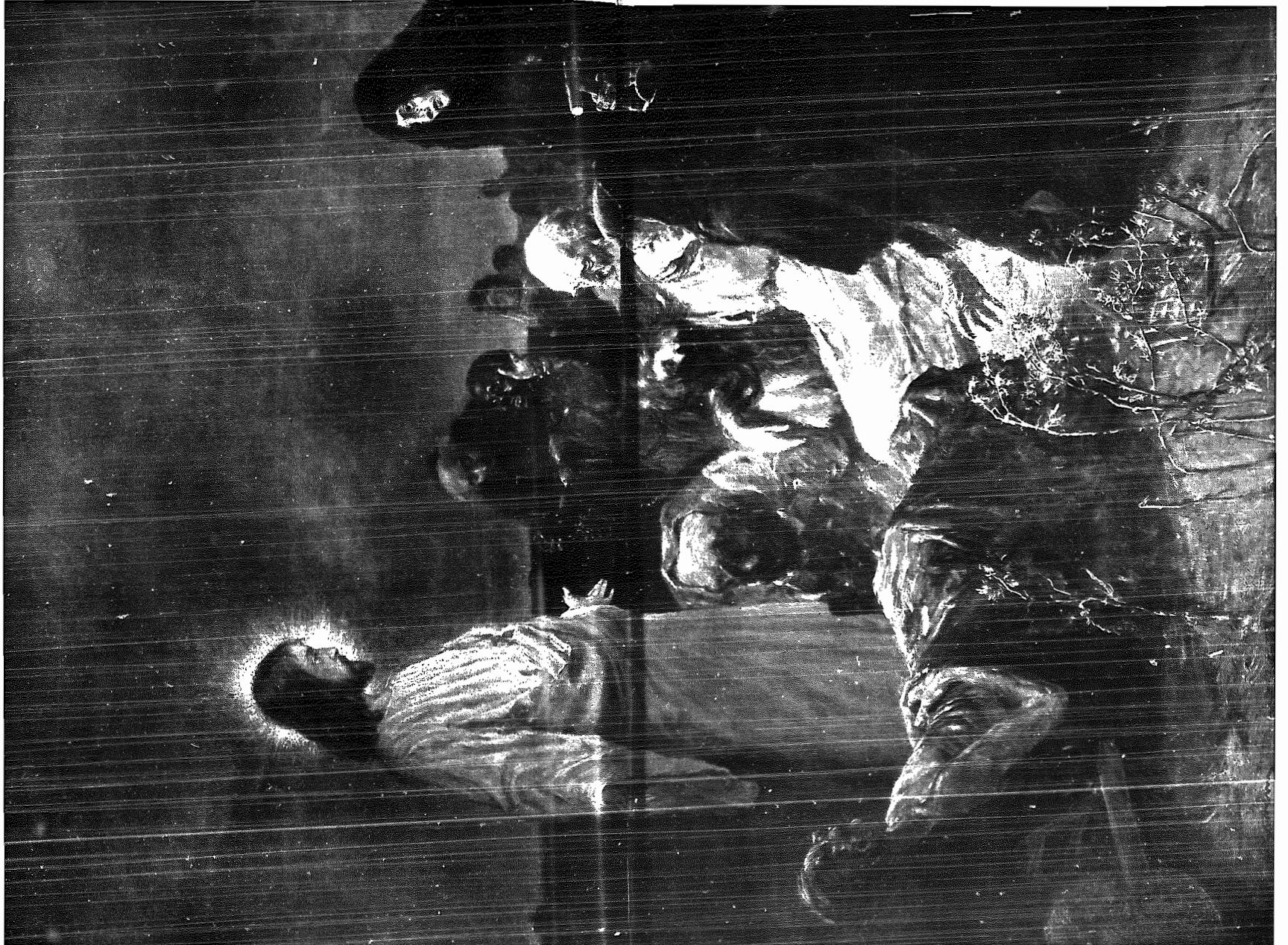
Then God goes further—for He always goes as far as our faith, and gives Himself to us in correspondingly greater measure than we give ourselves to Him—and makes a covenant with Noah—"I do set My bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between Me and the earth." He had made a promise to Adam after his fall, which pointed to a Saviour, who should come to destroy sin, and restore to man that which the first man had forfeited. Thus, this covenant was the renewal of that promise, and, therefore, was not only for Noah and his family, but for the whole race. Noah was chosen to transmit the great truth of a promised Saviour from the old world to the new, and was made the custodian, as well as the subject, of that promise.

"Oft would they review that covenant, and draw from its promises the consolation and strength they



The Comforting Saviour.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.



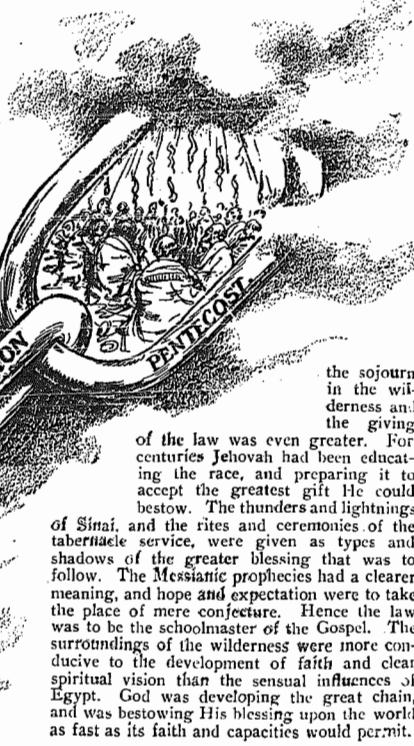
were intended to inspire. On that covenant they relied in this solemn hour, for it involved the coming of the Saviour—His coming to save them involved the continuance of the race—and thus their personal safety and the salvation of the world were bound together in the same promise—and that promise was guaranteed by the inimitable fidelity of the Promiser, in whom they trusted. (Heb. xi. 7.)

### Abraham:

God knows where to find the man He requires for a certain work, and He saw that Abraham possessed those qualities which would make Him a safe custodian of the great plan He was working out in the world's eternal interests. Abraham is justly called the Father of the Faithful and the Friend of God. His history is profoundly interesting, not only because of the picture it affords of patriarchal life, and a splendid example of faith and obedience, but especially as the minister of a brighter dispensation, and as the medium of a marvelous development of the purpose of God. The promises previously made regarding the Messiah had only stated the fact, without mentioning the place of the channel through which He should come. But now that Abraham's faith and obedience have been manifested in the supreme test of offering his son as a sacrifice, God assures him of the increase of his seed, of their exalted position in the land, and finally the great promise, "And in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed; because thou hast obeyed My voice." Though his faith was tested, Abraham's latter days were brightened with the marvelous evidence of the fulfilment of the promise God had given him.

For two hundred and fifty years after the promise made to Abraham, his descendants have wandered up and down the Promised Land, and now are about to go down to Egypt, where they will remain for about the same time. To human judgment this would appear inexplicable, and almost fatal to the working out of the great plan of redemption. God has a purpose in this, however, and requires them to live there for several generations as His witnesses; and their testimony was to be confirmed by signs and wonders. Egypt was a flourishing and populous kingdom, and was renowned for its wisdom and its commerce, but was degraded by sin and idolatry. Hence God transferred His church there, that it might be a standing septoof to the vices and errors that were rampant.

For over two hundred years Israel remained in Egypt as a witness for



the sojourn in the wilderness and the giving

of the law was even greater. For centuries Jehovah had been educating the race, and preparing it to accept the greatest gift He could bestow. The thunders and lightnings

of Sinai, and the rites and ceremonies of the tabernacle service, were given as types and shadows of the greater blessing that was to follow. The Messianic prophecies had a clearer meaning, and hope and expectation were to take the place of mere conjecture. Hence the law was to be the schoolmaster of the Gospel. The surroundings of the wilderness were more conducive to the development of faith and clear spiritual vision than the sensual influences of Egypt. God was developing the great chain, and was bestowing His blessing upon the world as fast as its faith and capacities would permit.

### The Star of Bethlehem:

The star which the wise men saw "in the East," was but the type of a brighter and grander one, and whose illumination should "lighten every man that cometh into the world." And the dazzling fulgence of that glory which startled the trembling shepherds from their midnight slumber was but the harbinger of that light which was destined to chase the darkness of superstition from the mind and heart of the race for all time to come.

A true King ascended the throne, who paid no regard to the memory of Joseph's rule, and being jealous of the growing numbers of the Israelites, he cruelly oppressed the people and murdered their offspring. God had sent them as His witnesses, but their testimony not being accepted, He determined to bring them out, and the Egyptians should know by that, if they would not accept it in any other way, that He was Jehovah.

Again God looks for His man, and finds him. He knew of Moses' faith when he "refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." The angel of the Lord found him in the desert of Midian, and there out of the burning bush God gives this shepherd, lad his commission.

We scarcely wonder at Moses' hesitation in accepting so stupendous a task, but his faith comes to his aid again, and he obeys the voice of Jehovah. Several times he pleads for the deliverance of his people without avail. Assured, however, that God can and will carry out His purpose, Moses at length commands the people to be ready for their departure. Though unarmed, and without provision for a long journey, he knows that Jehovah will provide for their safe deliverance from the land of Egypt.

How gloriously He did deliver them! Well might they sing on the other bank of the Red Sea, to the accompaniment of shout and timbrel, "Who is like unto Thee, O Jehovah, among the Gods? Who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?"

The deliverance of Israel was a great step forward in the development of God's plan, but

now manifested in the eternal chain of man's redemption. Forged in the white-hot love of the great Father of all, it is made strong enough for the mighty purpose of seizing and saving a world. We fancy the inscription written upon its rim would be "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . ." That text is made the more unfathomable as we consider the eternal issues bound up in the tiny occupant of Bethlehem's manger on that wonderful night.

The great event that the real students of the prophecies had been expecting was now fulfilled. In fact, the whole nation was anticipating the coming of a great Deliverer, but the materialism that reigned proved as scales to their eyes, and hence "He came to His own, and His own received Him not." But there were others whose faith preserved their spiritual vision, and the coming of the Messiah was the grandest declaration to them of God's everlasting love and faithfulness. Among these was grand old Simeon, who recognized in the Babe, when brought into the temple, He whom the patriarchs and prophets had declared should come, so that his soul became overwhelmed with joy and he glorified God on the spot.

Well might the angel comfort the fearful shepherds, and tell them that he had glad tidings to tell of a Saviour being given, not only for them and their King, but "for all people." Glorious announcement—and more than an announcement, for it was also a glorious truth. The wondering shepherds are no sooner calmed than their amazement is again aroused by such singing as human ears had never heard, and throughout the enchanting chorus sung by the heavenly choir they heard one strain which ran: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men." Supremely

magnificent was the music of the aerial orchestra, but it was the only fitting accompaniment possible to the occasion. It was the prelude to a new song for the world, and its vibration has traveled down the ages, forming the key-note of the new song that thrills the heart and lips of every man into whose life the Christ is born.

Thus, if anyone this Christmas season discovers that in their own spirit there is no true poetry, no lasting song, look up, and listen! and back to your spirit will come the song of the

angels, and if you believe and accept its declaration, you will discover a new life within you, and a new song will thrill your own heart, gladdening your spirit in its realization of freedom, and of finding its real element. Then Christmas shall be to you more than a matter of history, for its real meaning will be with you, and in you, as an ever-present, ever-satisfying consciousness of the indwelling of the "Sun of Righteousness."

(To be concluded next week.)

prepared the ingredients my tears fell fast, for I feared that Jack might become a drunkard, and I scarcely dared think of what the future held for our children and myself.

Then the door-bell rang. I hastily wiped my eyes on my apron, and went to the front. There was Captain X—, selling War Crys. I always had bought a War Cry, although I did not go near the meeting, but that morning something seemed to tell me to speak to the Captain of my trouble. I hesitated, however, not knowing how to begin.

"You seem to have some sorrow on your mind," said the Captain, in such a sympathetic voice that it made the tears come fast and I broke down completely. "Won't you let me help you, if I can?" she questioned.

"Come in," I said, and talked to her freely of all the worry and fears which had wrung my heart.

"I'll see what I can do," said the Captain, after listening patiently to me. "Which saloon does your husband frequent?"

I told her what I thought was right. She prayed with me, and bade me trust in God. She did me a lot of good, and I felt much better. I seemed to think the Captain would in some way or another help me.

I went back to the kitchen with a lighter heart. I remember, as I mixed the pudding, I wondered whether I had in my troubled state put everything in rightly, for on the kitchen table lay the grocer's goods: raisins, lemon peel, sugar, soap, matches, and other parcels, together with the suet from the butcher. I thought there was a lot of suet left, although the pudding seemed to have a lot of finely-chopped suet in it.

Christmas Day came. Strange to say, Jack had for two or three days been a different man. He had been home most of the time, and although he went out in the evenings and came home late, yet he came home sober and smiling. I was happy, of course, and prayed as I never had before for God to keep Jack so.

Now we always have a Christmas tree. We had one on that day. Jack gave me a nice present, and with it an envelope with a card on which he had written "To my dear wife, whom I have caused much heart-ache, I give this Christmas pledge of total abstinence, and as proof state that I gave myself to God in the Salvation Army barracks three nights ago, and mean to become a Salvation soldier.—Jack."

I just fell around his neck and wept, but could not say a word.

When we had sat down to our dinner Jack told me why the Captain had sold War Crys in the saloon, and had asked him to come with her to the quarters. There she had spoken earnestly to him, and pleaded with him for about an hour without effect. Jack resented the interference of a third person in his family affairs, and left the officers' quarters rather in a temper. He returned to the saloon, but somehow did not seem able to drink, so he wandered around the streets until evening, when he followed the march, and entered the Army hall. That very same night he came forward and got saved. He did not tell me until Christmas Day, to surprise me, but he went to the meetings and kept a bright testimony.

Now came the time to serve the pudding. With a proud step I brought in the steaming beauty, and in Jack's eye there came a gleam of great joy, while the children shouted with glee. But pride goeth before the fall. No sooner had Jack tasted the first mouthful than he violently sputtered.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, with sinking heart.

"Just taste the pudding I!" said Jack. "I did so, and—would you believe it?—it tasted very strongly of—soap!"

Then it dawned upon me that I had lots of suet left. I must have been so crazy with worry that I actually chopped up a bar of soap without thinking. It seems almost too much to believe, but I can't explain it in any other way. Jack laughed, and only said, "Never mind, dear, we have something better to thank God for—and so we had—and have to this day. But I shall never make soapy pudding again, you may be sure."

Christmas—in effect, the birthday of the world; the beginning of a new, better, eternal life to men.—Burrow.

## The Spoiled Christmas Pudding.

As Told by Jack's Wife to a Salvation Army Officer.

**T**RUE, Captain, I know how to make Christmas puddings, and have made them many a time. Yes, you shall have one; I won't forget it.

But four years ago I made my first miss with my pudding, and I must laugh about it every time I think of it.

I happened this way:

Jack always was a decent sort of boy, or I wouldn't have married him. My mother was very particular with whom we girls kept company, but she had nothing against Jack and his family. Jack's folks all belonged to the church, but Jack himself didn't trouble the congregation much with his presence. Still, as I said, he was a decent sort of a chap; dressed nicely, kept away from bad company, nor used profane language. He did take a glass now and then, but he had no use for boozers.

"I don't believe in narrow-minded people," he used to say, when I tried to get him to sign the pledge at a temperance meeting, before we were married. "I believe in the right kind of temperance—that is, be temperate in the use of all things, food, drink, or amusements. I can't go your milk-and-water people, who are always preaching how good they are themselves and how bad you are, if you don't do as they do, or as they say."

So I did not push Jack up to it. In my eyes Jack was perfection, and I liked his manly and frank ways.

"You'd better get him to sign the pledge," my mother, who was an old-time Methodist, used to say. "You never know how Jack may break away some day."

But after my one effort, I gave it up. I thought Jack was all right, and a man should not be held down by a lot of irksome promises.

So we were married, and we were happy, there is no mistake about it. Jack did not go with me to church as often as I wanted him to, but I respected his different view of religion, and thought it quite in order that a man might not take quite such a deep interest in religion as a woman. To tell the truth, it was mainly a matter of form with me. We girls had been raised always to go to church on Sunday, and it seemed a very pious and creditable thing to us. I was not constrained by a live faith or love for God and sinners then.

Well, as I said, all was going well until the fifth year of our married life. It was in the summer-time when Brown, a man from the United States, came to our city, and obtained a situation in Jack's factory. He seemed to be a good workman and held a position in the labor union. It was he who advocated that the local Union should affiliate with the International Union, and there were many, Jack among them, who thought he was right. It would give the Union greater strength, and they would help weaker Unions in other parts. Jack strongly favored the American's proposal, and he finally won the great majority over to it.

So far so good. But no sooner was this arrangement completed than Brown proposed that an increase of wages should be demanded. Well, I think there was good cause to ask for higher wages. House rent and living expenses had gone up, and in every way we had to pay more for things than a few years back.

So then a delegation was appointed, Jack and Brown among them, to call at the office and make their demand. The men wanted Jack to be the spokesman, for they all liked him.

I think that everything would have been all

right if Brown hadn't mixed himself in the business. Jack told the manager of the men's request, and gave him the reason for their demand, and the manager had promised to lay the matter before the board of directors, and let the men have an answer in a week's time.

"No, we've got to know at once," shouted Brown.

"But the board won't meet until next week, and I can't do anything on my own responsibility in this matter," said the manager.

But Brown wanted a row, and shine in his position before the Union.

"If you don't agree to the wages we want by to-morrow noon we'll stop work until we get what we want. You can't fool us with your promises and excuses and procrastinations. Business is business, and we want to know tomorrow."

These were Brown's parting words. The manager relied on Jack, thinking that Brown's talk was simply a braggart's boast. But Brown got the men so worked up that they all quitted next noon, when no answer was given them. Jack tried to reason with the men, but Brown kept interrupting him, and kept telling the men that Jack knew on which side his bread was buttered, and insinuated that the manager had bribed him. Now it seems it does not matter who brings an accusation against a man who has been known as honest, there are always plenty of people who are ready to believe a slur. So it was that day. Jack was avoided, and he felt it badly.

So the strike went on. For nearly five months the men were idle. Both sides were stubborn—none wanted to give in to the other. While it was summer the effects were not felt so much, but when winter set in the suffering became heart-breaking in some quarters.

We were not badly fixed. Although we had three little ones to look after, Jack had earned good wages, and saved quite a little sum, on which we drew now. But what worried me was that Jack in his idleness spent more time in the saloons, and while he never came home drunk then, yet he seemed very near to it several times, and I felt rather anxious about him.

The worst blow was to come, however. The strike was finally settled by the men accepting one-half of the increase demanded, and three weeks before Christmas the factory started up again. The next week a number of the old hands were discharged on the plea that there were not enough orders to keep the factory going. Among the discharged was Jack, who was convinced that the manager had discharged him because he had been the spokesman of the delegation demanding higher wages. Brown had left before the strike was concluded, finding work somewhere else.

It was a great blow to Jack, who brooded over it. The canker of anger at being misunderstood by friend and foe, etc. at his heart. It drove him to the saloon, when a "friend" sympathized with him, and that night he came home drunk for the first time.

Oh, I can't tell you how I felt. I blamed myself for it, and cried all night. Next morning I upbraided him for it, and he got hot and we quarreled seriously. He left for the saloon again.

For about a week this thing went on. I had grown wiser, and decided to be as kind as possible to him—to have his meals ready on time, as usual, and to prepare a nice Christmas dinner with a specially well-made pudding. But as I

# The Tragedy of Samson.

BY MRS. MAJOR STANYON.

**A Child of Prayer and Promise.**

*"For the child shall be a Nazarite to God . . . and He shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines."*

MUCH-DESIRED blessing had been withheld from Manoah and his wife, but one day a prediction which bespoke the realization of that want fell from angel-lips suddenly and sweetly upon their ears and hearts. A son was promised, and one who was divinely destined for a remarkable career in Israel's history.

The kingdom had lapsed into a state of gross idolatry, and in punishment for this, Jehovah had allowed enemies from time to time to be victorious over them and oppress them. At this very period the tribe of Dan was sorely harassed by the Philistines. But this child of promise was to render important service to his nation, and through him victory would be on the side of Israel once more.

Certain conditions were specified regarding him which involved special responsibilities upon the parents. The prophecy declared that he was also to be a child of separation, or a Nazarite, from his birth. His hair unshorn was to be a sign of his Nazaritism and a pledge on God's part that his super-natural strength would be continued.

By reading the story we shall discover that, in addition to this, he was a *Child of Prayer*; thus we see that peculiar blessings surrounded his birth and childhood, for even before he was born he was the subject of many prayers, and when the promise was fulfilled and this honored pair became the happy recipients of this crowning joy upon the wings of faith, fervent petitions still arose to Him whose delight it is to hear and answer.

What a blessed start for little Samson, as his parents called him! What prospects for a life of usefulness! How carefully they would seek to train him for the future! Not only theirs, but the nation's child—hence an object of peculiar interest and tender care.

But is it not a benediction for any child to be surrounded by such helpful influences? The family altar—never to be forgotten; the prayers of parents—following them like guardian angels through the vicissitudes of life, making it hard for them to leave the path of righteousness.

The brilliant victories of many a glorified saint will be eternally shared by those who in early day clasped the tiny hands of their little ones and taught them to lisp and love that Name which is above every name!

Consider the parents of Moses, of Samuel, of Daniel, and of other Biblical heroes and heroines, who trained their children from infancy for a higher service than that of the world; hence it is not remarkable that such stood out as forceful witnesses of the power of a godly home. Praise be to God, not only to the Sacred Page alone need we turn for such examples, but every age has seen them and rejoiced.

The success of John and Charles Wesley, who thrilled the world with their sermons and songs, was largely due, in all probability, to the beautiful examples and powerful teachers they found in their parents.

Again, we are told that the parents of our sainted Army Mother, Catherine Booth, and those of our beloved and honored General, were auxiliaries to their children's great future. The

world feels such influence, and it will never die. May divine wisdom be given us, as parents, to train our little ones so that in years of manhood and womanhood they may spend and be spent in the interests of others.

♦ ♦ ♦

**A Giant's Folly and Fall.**

*"And he awoke out of his sleep and said, I will go out as at other times and shake myself, and he wist not that the Lord was departed from him."*

LEST by the Lord in childhood, moved by the Spirit in youth, achieving such exploits in manhood in Israel's interests which could only be accomplished by divine co-operation, his very name was pregnant with meaning to friend and foe, a child of the nation in very deed and truth, its hope, its hero, and its deliverer.

But a change was wrought, and a sacred pen records a story of delusion and defeat effected by his own folly.



Samson trifled with his natural weakness and gradually it gained the supremacy and led him into captivity. It is always foolish to play with dangerous weapons; we see the dire effects of this almost every day; we warn our children and seriously bid them to learn that lesson, yet we, as older children, seem slow sometimes to learn ourselves that one great spiritual truth, although surrounded by numerous object lessons.

Just as a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, so are we only as strong as in our weakest point; but, like Jacob of old, we may prevail, and by divine help our very weakness becomes our strength.

Delilah, a tool of the Philistines, and a woman of mercenary character, conscious of his passion for her, persistently assailed him by her evil arts, until at length she discovered the desired secret, after which poor, deluded Samson slept! How surprising, almost incredible, that he should sleep after such a disclosure. Self-doomed Samson, asleep in the presence of his betrayer, with violent enemies impatiently awaiting the hour of vengeance! Asleep on the very verge of a precipice!

Suddenly aroused by the treacherous creature of his affection, he was informed of new dangers, but Samson coolly replies, "I will go out as at other times and shake myself." But, alas! outward form is not sufficient. Strength for tests comes from within. The memory alone of past victories will not bring us through the present battle—only the Helper of the past can

do that. Our puny efforts will avail nothing unless aided by the arm of Omnipotence.

Samson, shaking himself, performed his part as he had done at other times, was not fully alive to his true condition, but ere long his testing came, and he was "found wanting." *"And he wist not that the Lord was departed from him."*

What a spectacle for three worlds! The conquering Danite of herculean strength now humiliated and tortured, with strength gone, glory gone, God gone, in the cruel hands of a relentless foe.

We say, with one of old, "How are the mighty fallen," and with bowed hearts we learn the lesson. \* \* \*

**Restoration and Restitution.**

*"And Samson called unto the Lord and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray Thee, and strengthen me . . . only this once, O God!"*

**N**IIGHTY in his glory and humiliated in his shame we have seen Samson; now we see him in his penitence, and with a baptism of his old-time power.

According to the common practice in heathen nations, at their religious festivals their most noted prisoners of war were brought from their confinement, and while every species of indignity was heaped upon them, the victors offered sacrifices to their gods, to whose aid they attributed their success.

On one of these occasions Samson was led forth into the Temple of Dagon, to make sport for thousands, amongst whom were the elite of the nation.

The building seemed to have been constructed similar to that of an amphitheatre, the main supports being two massive pillars placed in close proximity to each other, which, if displaced, would make the structure a heap of ruins.

Crushed and condemned, haunted by memories of what had been, stung by remorse, the vanquished Goliath of Israel, no longer self-confident, turned his sightless sockets to heaven, and with the eye of faith, the light of which enemies could not extinguish, and a cry in his heart, he turned to his Hope and Helper of bygone days. That cry found its way to that ear which is so ready to catch the faintest sigh of penitent souls, and to that heart which abounds with compassion and so ready to respond to every appeal of need.

One moment and Samson put forth his effort, another moment and the God of heaven and earth put forth His, and the next sounds of rejoicing were changed to wails of death. For Love spoke pardon to penitent Samson and sent him another baptism of the old-time power, and allowed him in that last hour to achieve the mightiest victory of his life. Great as had been his many feats of strength, which inspired a nation, and terrified its ancient enemy, the Philistines, yet they were but insignificant with the final effort of this dying giant, whom God had pardoned and restored, and who with his life made restitution for the opportunities missed through indulgence.

And so that God of pardon and power lives to-day to prove Himself to us as He did to His erring child.

If we have blundered and sinned, and forfeited our power, let us not settle down into indifference and despair, but let us bring ourselves with penitence and faith to Sainson's God, who with pity and compassion looked upon the blind backslider, once the chosen ruler of His chosen people, and who will look upon us in love and mercy, and will gladly give back to us the old-time peace and power.



# THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF WILLIAM BOOTH

**W**HEN Jehovah wanted to save Israel from the Midianites He found a man after His own heart in Gideon, and out of the whole of His chosen people He selected only three hundred to do battle for Him. Quite likely there was a great deal of jeering and jealous talk going on among the rejected thousands, but the three hundred did the work and their battle cry was, "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon!"

So the Lord saw the heathen condition of the submerged thousands in the heart of the World's Christian Metropolis, and from among the tens of thousands of professing Christians, He chose William Booth, and a handful of his converts, to become a conquering Army of Salvation, and with no feeling of irreverence or presumption we may well change our battle cry, in accordance with the facts of the case, to "The sword of the Lord and of William Booth."

"I knew that the Army was doing a grand work all over the world, but I had no idea of its great extent, and the many branches of work it is operating, until you explained it to me."

This remark, made by a friend of the Salvation Army, represents the point of view of many of our readers. While throughout this Territory, at any rate, there exists a fair public knowledge of the Salvation Army, the majority of the people still have not the opportunity of knowing all the ramifications of our world-wide organization, and for such this brief review is written.

The Army had its inception in June, 1865, when the Rev. William Booth has his first open-air at Whitechapel Road, London, although little he thought at the time of the great movement that was to result from that brave stand he took—unaided, misunderstood, and persecuted.

In the thirty-eight years that have since passed these one-man open-airs grew into the East

The attendance at the indoor meetings of the S. A. throughout the world averages five million people per week, and one-quarter of a million penitents seek deliverance from sin, and profess to find it, at our penitent forms. Since it is not an easy matter for any man to come to our penitent form, and since he is dealt with there individually and thoroughly, it can safely be said that the reformatory and spiritual results are

periodicals—mostly weekly, some monthly—are issued in twenty-four languages, and with a total circulation of one million six hundred and twenty thousand copies—not per annum—but per issue.

Another unpremeditated departure was our



Mr. Bramwell Booth,  
International Chief of the Staff.



GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH,  
Father of the Salvation Army.

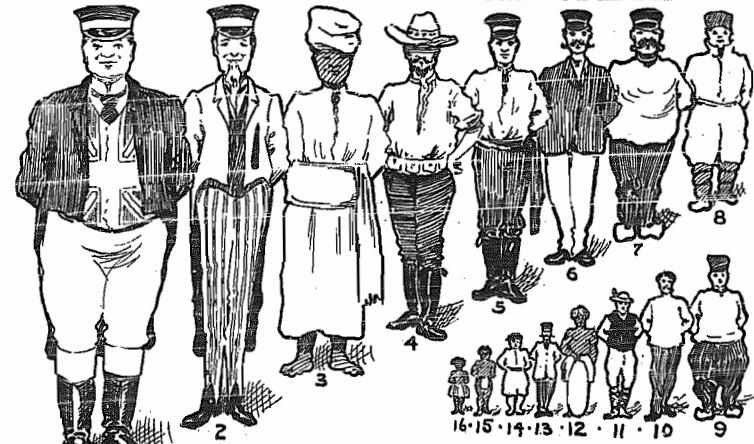
more far-reaching than ten or more times that number reported as "having signified their intention to serve Christ by standing to their feet," of which we read at the average revival services held in the churches of our country.

The Army's printing presses have aided immensely in the diffusion of evangelistic literature, for in the fifty countries and colonies in which we are at work, no less than fifty-five

Social Reform Work. Our open-air meetings brought us right into personal contact with the most unfortunate and the worst classes of men and women. Repenting harlots, ex-criminals anxious to begin life anew, starving paupers, neglected and abandoned children, uncared-for sick, and the honest unemployed claimed our sympathy and help. Homes for all these classes sprung up, until we have to-day a regiment of nearly two thousand officers and employees exclusively employed in our six hundred and twenty-five Social Institutions, with an accommodation for over twenty-two thousand persons, which is frequently even insufficient for the existing need.

These institutions are situated in every land and clime. Over thirteen Ex-Prisoners' Homes shelter and help the discharged convicts of London and Bombay, of Sing-Sing and Toronto, as well as of Melbourne and Tokio. The unfortunate girls who seek escape from their life of shame may find a refuge in any one of our one hundred and eleven Rescue Homes distributed through all the larger cities of five continents. One hundred and thirty-two Slum Posts look after the poorest quarters of the leading cities of the world, while one hundred and fifty-three Shelters and Food Depots provide cheap lodging and food to the homeless and the unemployed of many nations. The workless have at their services thirty-seven free labor bureaux to find them permanent situations if possible, while temporary employment for a short or long period may be found at any one of our seventy-six Labor Factories, or sixteen Farm Colonies. The number of poor people

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF THE ARMY IN THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRIES OF THE GLOBE.



1—Great Britain and Ireland, including International Staff, 5,010 Officers. 2—United States of America, 3,000 Officers. 3—India and Ceylon, 900 Officers. 4—Australia, 1,000 Officers. 5—Canada and Newfoundland, 1,020 Officers. 6—Sweden, 900 Officers. 7—Germany, 801 Officers. 8—Norway, 221 Officers. 9—Holland, 617 Officers. 10—Denmark, 302 Officers. 11—Switzerland, 120 Officers. 12—South Africa, 220 Officers. 13—France, Italy, and Belgium, 210 Officers. 14—Finland, 142 Officers. 15—West Indies, 389 Officers. 16—South America, 40 Officers.

London Mission, until, by the inspiration of a moment, it was, in 1877, baptised the Salvation Army, and as such to-day encircles the globe.

The open-air preacher, William Booth, has become the beloved and honored General of fifteen thousand officers and Cadets, who command over seven thousand corps and outposts, situated in a parish that stretches from Lapland to Ceylon, from the Klondyke to South America, and from Japan to Tasmania.

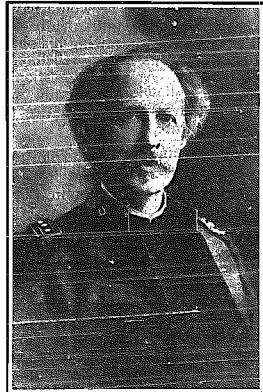
Nearly forty-five thousand Local Officers—or non-commissioned, resident officers—aid the regular officers, and sixteen thousand bandsmen play the Army's tunes, many of which are composed by salvationists, while all are arranged and printed in notation at our International Musical Department, London.



Mrs. Bramwell Booth,  
International Rescue Secretary.

assisted daily in a material way average no less than twenty-one thousand, and at times of special distress a great many more. Thirty-three homes are set apart to care for poor, neglected, orphaned, and abandoned children.

The numbers of our soldiers, recruits, and converts are incomputable, and no one can es-



Commander F. de L. Booth-Tucker,  
In Charge of the United States Forces.

timate the far-reaching influence of the Salvation Army to-day, compelling the recognition of its force by many Governments, and contributing a large share of the "salt of this world."

For all this we give God the glory, for His hand is seen distinctly in the modeling of the Army. Stones that human builders would have

and crime, their pity is real and practical, and their work energetic. Believing that nothing is impossible with God, while realizing the narrow limit of their own power, their faith has made the impossible possible, and among the trophies of the Salvation Army there are modern miracles not one whit less marvelous than those which the eyes of the apostles beheld in their days.

Yet the Salvation Army has only begun. Sir Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the principle of gravitation, which laid the foundation of our modern science of physics, said, when dying, "I have only been playing among the pebbles of the beach, while the great ocean of undiscovered truth is still before us." So we may confidently predict that the Army has only been touching the waves that lave the beach, while beyond stretches the great ocean of opportunities which belong to its future.

May God aid us to treasure among us, and preserve intact, the simple faith in God, our sound teaching of the chief principles of Christianity, and our international character, so that the devil's tares may find no ground to take root, and cause division, whether they be on national, racial, social, or doctrinal lines.

Whatever croakers, pessimists, and short-



Commissioner and Mrs.  
Coombs,  
Commanding Our Forces in  
Great Britain and Ireland.

the church, or with whatever little of religious observance may yet linger about the home and the graveyard. But not only is the mass of the people disinclined any longer to accept the church's authority or teachings as before, but, as a result of this, there is within the church itself, and amongst even the highest ecclesiastics, an amount of unsettlement that few in this country seem to be aware of.

If the occasional demonstrations around the venerated person of the Pope mislead English opinion, they certainly have no weight in France, Belgium, or Germany. The Pope has appointed a commission of Bible critics, which, in itself, is the loudest possible testimony to the universal conviction that the old chains are for ever broken, and that if the church is to regain influence at all, it must be along new lines of light and persuasion.

How vastly important is such a crisis in the history of 380,000,000 Europeans! And the Salvation Army is the only mission operating in all the three Catholic countries of Southern Europe. That we have only 124 corps, under 220 officers, in these countries is sad indeed. How gladly would we multiply our agencies in these countries had we the means to do so! And yet it is one of the grandest facts in all the circle of our knowledge, that our comrades in these countries, far from being overwhelmed by the immensity of the task devolving upon them, are amongst the most joyous and confident within our ranks.

Nor is their confidence based merely upon their unchangeable faith in God's word. They have seen the most violent brutality and the most contemptuous ridicule changed into an ever-growing attention and respect just during the very period when the people's former teachers have been losing hold of these nations, and they see before them the rising certainty of great conquests to come. Their confidence is not expressed in glowing phrases, but in lives more exposed to suffering and danger, more perfect in their exhibition of extreme self-denial, side by side with the extremes of worldly luxury, than can be seen even amongst their comrades in other lands.

The same remarks apply, of course, to our brave little bands away in the Argentine and Uruguayan Republics. We have also many comrades laboring amongst the Catholic populations in the South of Ireland, in Holland, Switzerland, and Germany.

In the last-named country God has been pleased to use the Army so mightily that, in spite of every imaginable hindrance, we have already got a force of 400 officers, practically all Germans, at work within the Empire, and the present Commissioners are getting, wherever they go, the largest public buildings crowded with attentive audiences.

## Relative Number of our Social Institutions.

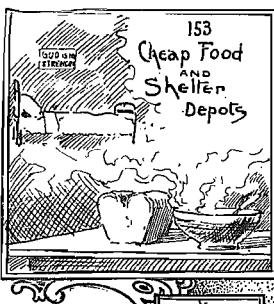
rejected, God has made corner-stones of many a glorious edifice, for the soldiers of the Army are frequently modeled out of the most unlikely material. Not the mighty, and rich, and educated, and influential class has contributed the chief quota of Army workers, but they have come from the masses, and from the poorest. Soundly converted, filled with compassion, and knowing poverty personally, as well as having come much in contact with the consequences of vice

## OUR OUTLOOK IN THE CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

England only hears occasional faint echoes of the religious revolution that is going on in France, and, more or less, in every other Catholic country, at the present time. That the monks and the nuns should be driven from the country; that the schools should be closed or changed into purely secular institutions, and every manifestation of the officially-recognized religion outside its buildings should be suppressed, is merely the outward expression of a general movement, the extent of which no one at present can measure.

The old faith, which of necessity demanded complete subjection to the priesthood and to Rome, is gone beyond recall in the case of the enormous majority of the Roman Catholic people. There is a desire, often due solely to social considerations, to avoid an entire breach with



Commissioner and Mrs. Ridder, Norway.



## The Lieutenant Who was Not Wanted.

BY ADJUTANT SIMS.

## Chapter I.

**CAPTAIN ENERGY** sat alone in the officers' quarters; he had just returned from the post office, and held in his hand the parchment that informed him that the Commissioner had appointed him to take charge of the Salvation Army corps at Hardgo. A letter from the Provincial Officer accompanied the commission, congratulating him upon his success at the corps that he was about to leave.

Soon after the Lieutenant entered the room, and saw also a letter to himself on the table. He tore it open quickly, and as his eyes caught sight of his new appointment, a loud hallelujah escaped his lips.

"What's the matter?" asked the Captain, who had not so much as spoken to the Lieutenant—or even appeared to have noticed his entrance into the room.

"Oh, glory!" shouted the Lieutenant, "I am appointed to Beulah corps with Captain Joy."

The Lieutenant's joy, however, did not appear to affect the Captain, who still sat in a silent mood. The Lieutenant could not understand what had happened to his Captain; he was usually so happy, and the two loved each other as brothers. After a little while the Lieutenant ventured to ask, and for a reply had the commission received by the Captain that morning handed to him.

"Oh, that is too bad," he said, as he read the appointment; "you ought to have a better corps than Hardgo; you've worked hard here, and built up the corps, and I think the P. O. ought to have given you a better showing."

"It is not the corps that I object to so much as the Lieutenant they are giving me. It is bad enough—after six years in the field—to go to a place like Hardgo, but ten times worse to have an assistant like Lieut. Plodsteady. Capt. Snail, with whom he was stationed, after leaving the Training Home, told me, when I met him at council, that he was the slowest assistant in the Province. He declared that it took him three hours to do what an ordinary Lieutenant would do in one."

"That may be true," said the Lieutenant, "but I know that in the Training Home he had the reputation of being reliable, and thorough, and able to stick to the fight."

"Perhaps because he is too slow to run away," suggested the Captain.

"I can't say anything about that," continued the Lieutenant, but I know in the Training Home he was never idle, and although at times he took a little longer to do his work than some of us, he always did it well, and every spare minute was either reading his Bible or studying."

"Well, I don't want him," said the Captain; "I need someone who can hustle, like myself, and I shall write and tell the Provincial Officer so."

"Say, Captain," said the Lieutenant, showing signs of emotion in his voice, "don't you remember what we heard in council about that officer who would have a certain Lieutenant, and how, so very soon, he repented his choice; also how Moses—through not going God's way—got an assistant who led the people into idolatry? If I were you I'd go and make the best of it, and God will bless your labors as He has here."

"You're quite a preacher," said the Captain, "but wait until you see these things, and see how you will feel. No; I'll write the Provincial Officer to-night, and give him a little of my mind." And he did.

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## Chapter II.

Let us go back two days, and have a peep into the Provincial Office. It had been a hard day for the P. O. and Chancellor; eighty

officers were changing appointments that week, and it was no easy task to arrange every officer so as to meet the needs of the different corps and soldiers. Years of experience had taught the Provincial Officer that to try to please all was to fare like the proverbial man and his donkey; hence he no longer sought after pleasing everybody, but he was desirous of so arranging each officer that God's interests would be best served and the officers' individual happiness promoted.

It was now late in the evening, yet the Provincial Officer and Chancellor were still in the office. Of the eighty officers to be provided for, only ten remained whose appointments had not been decided upon, and five corps remained to be officered. It was these five corps that was causing the Provincial Officer extra worry and thought, as he desired to fill them in such a manner as to best promote their welfare. Hardgo was one of these places yet to be provided for.

The District Officer had written asking that Captain Smash-em, from Sleepy Hollow, be sent there, and suggested that if he failed to build the corps up that officers be withdrawn. The question of closing the corps had been seriously considered by the Provincial Officer, as it grieved him to see officers working so hard, and so much apparent indifference manifested by the people, producing such little spiritual returns for their labors. Hardgo had been a good corps once—but many of the soldiers had gone to other parts, owing to the scarcity of work during the past few years. The corps now consisted of about ten soldiers, with a Sergeant-Major who wanted female officers.

"Give the corps one more chance," suggested the Chancellor, who had been going into the perplexing question with the P. O., "and send one of our best and most reliable officers in charge, with a Lieutenant who will stand by him at all times and not get easily discouraged." The Provincial Officer decided to do so—hence the appointment of Captain Energy and Lieutenant Plodsteady.

♦ ♦ ♦

## Chapter III.

Somehow Captain Energy felt very uneasy after having dropped his letter into the post office box, and even ventured to ask the clerk at the wicket if he could have it restored to him. He was informed that a letter once posted was the property of the person to whom it was addressed, and the law forbade the return of it to the sender.

The meeting that night was dull and very disinteresting to the Captain; he tried to speak to his soldiers on obedience to Christ, but his words nearly choked him. The Lieutenant noticed it, and some of the soldiers ventured to ask the Captain at the close of the meeting if he was sick. It had been arranged that neither the Captain nor the Lieutenant should tell their new appointment until the following night, when they should conduct their final farewell meeting.

Captain Energy felt that he must give all that he possessed had his letter not been posted. The thoughts of his rebellion brought a cloud over him, and hid him from the smile of God. The joy of God in his soul had been his strength, and the consciousness that he had His smile

made him happy. Now that a cloud had come between his soul and his God—his peace was gone, he was positively unhappy.

The Lieutenant noticed the change, and ventured to ask if the sending of the letter had caused him to feel so unlike his former self. Captain Energy was very open-hearted with his Lieutenant and told him that ten minutes after the letter had been posted he would have given all he possessed to have gotten it back. He would write another withdrawing his objections, but the thoughts of his heart's rebellion caused him deep anguish. At the suggestion of the Lieutenant the following telegram was dispatched to the Provincial Officer ere the two retired for the night:

"Please return, unopened, personal letter addressed you from here. Important."

(Signed) Captain Energy."

## Chapter IV.

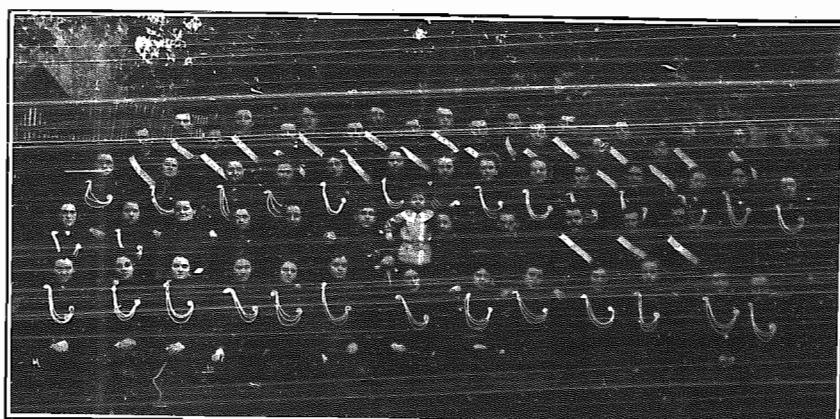
The Captain was very happy on the Thursday morning when he received, by the first mail, his letter back—unopened. He went to his new corps with a light heart—determined on victory. His new Lieutenant, who had arrived a few hours previously, met him at the depot and escorted him to the quarters, which he had found earlier in the day after asking several people, and after finding the quarters had hunted to discover the soldier who had the key. The Sergeant-Major had the key, and as he handed it to the Lieutenant, he assured him that the people did not want men officers, and while, of course, it didn't matter to him (?), he knew that men would starve.

The Lieutenant didn't tell the Captain the difficulty that he had in finding the quarters and the key, neither the predictions of the Sergeant-Major, but hastened, while the Captain rested, to get ready the evening meal.

The meeting that night appeared to go hard, and both the officers felt a little depressed at the apparent indifference of the few soldiers. Only two had assisted in the open-air meeting, and although seven were present indoors, four of them did not sit on the platform or testify. Bro. Steadfast and Sister Reliable brought a little joy to the Captain by their earnestness, and when a backslider returned to the fold, they shouted for joy. Brother Doubter whispered in the Lieutenant's ear that it was a penitent form jack, and they were better without him.

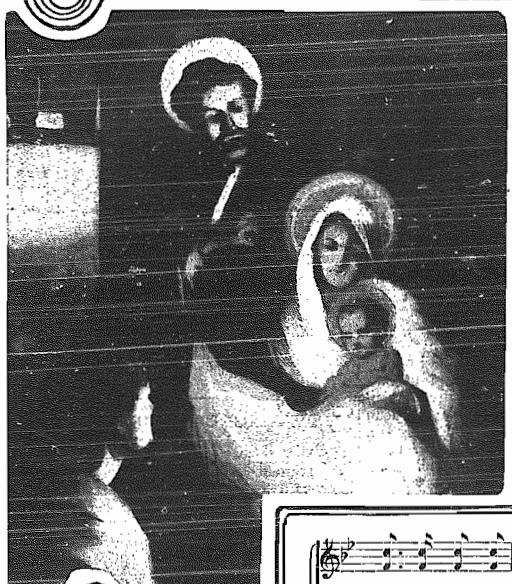
Capt. Energy and Lieut. Plodsteady spent ten happy months together at Hardgo. Victory crowned their labors and many souls were saved. A glorious work was done for God by these two faithful officers, and when farewell orders were sent them, many expressed regret. On the night of the final farewell the barracks was packed, and thirty soldiers testified to the blessing that the officers had been to them.

It was in this meeting that the Captain told, for the first time, the story of his rebellion, but testified to the fact that "the Lieutenant that was not wanted" had proved himself more than a brother, and a source of spiritual strength and blessing, such as he could never have hoped for.



Cadets of the 4th Session, Territorial Training College, Toronto.

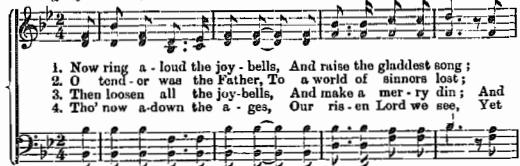
# Saviour Born To-day,



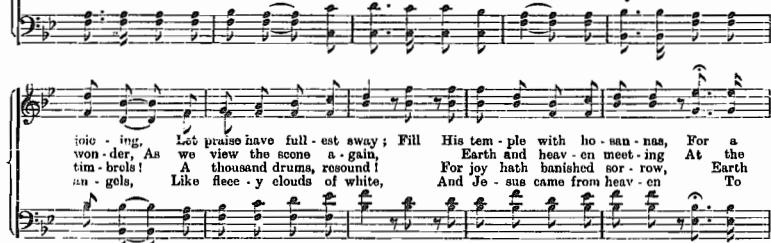
WORDS & MUSIC BY W.A.HAWLEY  
Charlottetown P.E.I.

*Joyfully—Moderato.*

1. Now ring a loud the joy-bells, And raise the gladdest song;  
2. O tend-or was the Father, To a world of sinners lost;  
3. Then loosen all the joy-bells, And make a mer-ry din; And  
4. Tho' now a-down the a-ges, Our ris-en Lord we see, Yet



Swell the mu-sic loud-er, And roll the an-them on. Wear the robes of your re-  
Yearn-ing so to save them, Tho' great should be the cost. And here we gaze and  
sing, a thou-sand voic-es! Ye bands-men, gath-er in! And strike, a thousand  
fond and sweet to mort-al-s Must the vis-ion ov-er be—When the sky was full of



io-ing. Let paces have full-est sway; Fill His tem-ple with ho-san-nas, For a  
won-der, As we view the scene a-gain. Earth and heav-en meet-ing At the  
tim-brels! A thou-sand drums, round! For joy hath banished sor-row, Earth  
mu-gols, Like fleece-y clouds of white, And Je-sus came from heav-en To

*CHORUS.*

Saviour's born to-day! cot in Beth-le-hem! hath her Saviour found! seat-er earth by night!

An-gel pin-i-ons fluttered, and an-gel voic-es sang;

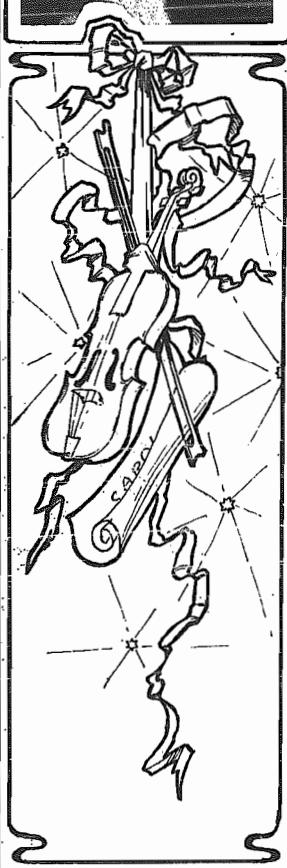
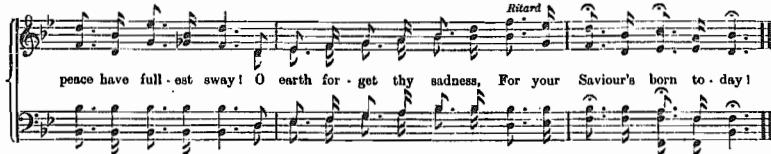


All the way from heav-en down to earth ho-san-nas rang, Glo-ry in the highest! And let



pence have full-est sway! O earth for-get thy sadness, For your Saviour's born to-day!

*Riard*



# The Drunkard's Christmas Vision.

BY ENSIGN WHITTAKER.

*Hark! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King!  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join in the triumph of the skies;  
With angelic hosts proclaim:  
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."*

**T**HIS familiar Christmas carol rang out loud and clear on the frosty air that Christmas Eve, as it was sung by a handful of Salvationists on the street corner, and the sweet sounds reached the ears of Joe Jenkins, in the bar-room, where he was drinking and carousing. He paused, put down the glass which he was in the act of drinking from, and listened. Childhood memories made their way into his muddled brain, and he again saw his dear old Christian father and mother as they gathered their children around them and sang—

*"Hark! the herald angels sing,  
Glory to the new-born King!"*

Quickly another scene flashed into his mind, and he saw himself standing on the street-corner, clothed in Salvation Army uniform, not so many Christmas Eves before; and he remembered with what fervor he sang those words—

*"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled."*

Oh, what peace filled his soul when he was reconciled with God! He looked at his tattered clothes, thought of his wretched home, and said, half aloud, to himself, "Can it be that I have sunken so low?"

"Hello, Joe, turning religious again?" shouted one of his companions, and the others joined in a hearty laugh.

"Let's go and hear the singing, boys," quietly answered Joe. "I'm about tired of this."

He left the bar-room alone, the others jeering and mocking him as he went out.

The soldiers were just marching back to the barracks, and Joe followed them. He sank into an empty seat near the stove, and it was not long before he began to feel drowsy, and stretching himself across the seat, was soon in a drunken sleep.

Suddenly there seemed to be a great commotion, and he saw his wife rushing toward him. "O Joe, come home quick, our Nellie has been killed!" she shouted.

Half dazed, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, Joe rose to go. He was almost dragged along the street by his frantic, heart-broken wife, and when they neared the one small room they called home, a tiny voice could be heard:

"Papa! Where's papa?"

"She is still alive," said the poor mother as she hurried into the room.

Joe was thoroughly roused from his drunken stupor, and sobered when he beheld the still, white form of his little darling, and saw her wistful look as she faintly cried:

"Where's papa? Oh, won't he come?"

He bent over her and said, "Your papa has come, Nellie; see, I am here," and he stroked her fair forehead with his rough hand.

She shook her head, and in her delirium said, "No, you are not my papa; go away. Papa's going to bring me a dolly for Christmas; where is he?"

Sobs now shook Joe's strong frame. Yes, he had promised her a dolly that morning, but the promise was forgotten when he met the boys.

"She has been looking all evening for you," his wife said, "and at last ran out to try and find you, and somehow before I knew she was gone, she was brought home to me as though dead."

Again and again he tried to arouse her, but in vain; her voice grew fainter and fainter until it was stilled for ever, the last whispered word his listening ear caught being, "Papa."

"Oh, I have killed my child! I am a murderer!" sobbed the miserable father.

When Joe returned to the desolate room after the funeral, he sat down and pondered over the past. With what bright hopes and strong determination he had started out to serve God! He never missed an open-air meeting, and his heart was so filled with the love of God that he could not refrain from shouting and singing His praises. How different, too, his home had been at that time. He had everything his heart could desire, but it had all gone for the drink, and now his wife had to earn what money she could to keep body and soul together, while he spent the small wages he received for that which is not bread.

As he mused thus, the door opened, and a man stood before him. He was clothed with gold. From head to foot he could see nothing but gold, so brilliant that it dazzled his eyes. His features seemed familiar, but when and where he had seen this peculiar personage he did not know. Long, golden locks fell from his forehead, but the back of his head was completely bare.

Joe was so frightened he dare not speak. Was it some dreadful being that had come to snatch him from the earth and cast him into outer darkness as a murderer? Was he already being brought to justice? These, and a thousand other similar thoughts, rushed through his mind in a moment. But it was only a moment, for this strange visitor seemed in great haste, and spoke quickly:

"You no doubt recognize me, for I have often visited you, but as often have you turned me away. I have offered you peace and plenty, a pure heart and a happy life, good clothing, the respect of everyone, a comfortable home, a good, faithful wife, and a bright, lovely daughter, and in the end eternal life. Again I bring you the same offer, but you must decide quickly, for when I leave you this time I shall never return. My name is Golden Opportunity, and once I have passed by, you can never catch me, though I be swifter than an eagle. Many who have not heeded my call are to-day where there is no mercy."

"All the past with its chances," flashed through Jim's mind. He understood it all now. Had he better take this one? He considered. Sin had a tight grip on him. He waited while this opportunity was passing—swifly it was gone—it passed him—he made a grab after it—to late—it was gone—gone for ever, and Joe was left in dense darkness.

The shock was too much for him, and he awoke. It had all been a dream, but what days of agony he seemed to have lived in that one hour! He was still in the barracks by the stove. The meeting was being brought to a close, and they were singing:

*"All the past, with its chances,  
All the 'What might have been,'  
Every conquest and victory  
He had meant you should win—  
How you'll wish you'd gone forward  
Loving Jesus alone,  
When you stand in the light  
Of the great Judgment Throne."*

"We'll sing the chorus once more. Sinner, don't miss this opportunity, it may be your last."

*"While the light from heaven is falling,  
Sins confessing, wants revealing;  
While redeeming grace is flowing,  
Thou canst wash my sins away."*

Before the chorus was finished Joe rushed down the aisle and threw himself at the penitent form. He was sobered and saved, and arose a new man in Christ Jesus, nevermore to be entangled with the yoke of bondage.

With the few cents he had left he bought a dolly for his little girl, the remembrance of which had so haunted him in that awful dream. He then hurried home, where he found his wife and child anxiously waiting for him, and the scene in that little room, as he related his strange experience that Christmas Eve, can better be imagined than described.

## ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

*Love was born on Christmas Day,  
In a world all grey and dim;  
Angels sang aloud for joy;  
Wise men came to worship Him:  
Earth no more in darkness lay,  
Love was born on Christmas Day.  
Love was born on Christmas Day;  
Born to rule with gentle might,  
With an influence all divine,  
Turning strife to truth and right.  
'Mid the gloom—a glorious ray,  
Love was born on Christmas Day!  
Love was born on Christmas day;  
Holy, harmless, undefiled;  
Sweetest of all heavenly gifts  
Was the everlasting Child.  
Blessed hope for darkest way,  
Love was born on Christmas Day!  
Love was born on Christmas Day,  
Life and light to all to bring;  
Naught He spared for thee and me—  
His own soul an offering,  
Evermore with us to stay,  
Love was born on Christmas Day!  
Love was born on Christmas Day,  
Lowly kneel and crown Him King.  
This dear guest with joy receive,  
Then thou mayst with angels sing  
Peace, goodwill to all for aye,  
Love was born on Christmas Day!*

ANNIE E. LYDON.

## TWO ASPECTS OF CHRISTMAS.

The approach of a set season of festivity and merriment, like Christmas, is a promise of keener pain to the sorrowing. It is at just such times that losses are most severely felt. The noise of the world's gaiety sounds like the world's proclamation of indifference to the bereavement. It grates harshly on an ear sensitized by sorrow. Yet the festivity must go on—this is its right. And sorrow must be considered—this is its right. Neither festivity nor sorrow should rule, for each can be merciful and generous to the other.

## THE CHRISTMAS IDEAL.

The prelude of angelic song, which ushers in the divinest life ever lived among men, was soon drowned by the discordant cry, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" That radiant dawn was followed by a day of storm and strife, and the evening of rest and peace in achievement is still far distant. Men are more eager, restless, enquiring, than on the first Christmas day; life is more strenuous and exacting. There are more problems to be solved, more questions to be answered, more sacrifices to be made, more work to be done, than ever before. For the Christ came bringing "not peace, but a sword," came not to give more contentment with present attainment, but divine discontent; not to give society repose in imperfection, but the constant necessity of seeking something nobler than it possesses.

It was a terrible test which was applied to the world when Christ was born in Bethlehem; it was subjecting the real to the silent but relentless judgment of the ideal. If He had spoken no word of teaching, but had gone His quiet way and in hidden paths let the sweetness, and holiness, and power of His nature find expression in common relations and simple ministries, He would still have brought all men to judgment. For in Him not only was God revealed, but the prophecy in every man was fulfilled. He remains the only ideal yet completely realized in this imperfect world, and He has become the divinest type of character known to men. Because He lived, and spoke, and died, the world has never rested, and can never rest, this side of perfection. Men must strive so long as the world stands, society must struggle towards juster laws and purer forms, the church must agonize more and more over the sorrows and sins of a humanity which it is commissioned to sustain and guide. Not peace, but the holy strife against selfishness in all its myriad forms; not rest, but divine discontent, with present achievements and unbroken endeavor to surpass them—this is the heritage of the first Christmas.

# SAVED:

Or, The Shining Entrance of a Shadowed Life Through the Pearly Gates.

BY ENSIGN HICKS, MATRON OTTAWA RESCUE HOME.

If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto her nest again,  
I shall not have lived in vain.

**H**OW can one estimate the value of a godly, consistent life, or the opportunities given it of creating in dark, benighted, sin-cursed lives a desire for goodness and God? I often wonder if we prize these chances as highly as we might. It is so easy to pass them by, in the rush of our already strenuous life, yet they mean so much to us, and so much more to those around us, whose burden is very heavy, and on whom sorrow's cloud hangs low.

The little tale I am about to tell is true; it is but one of the many that crowd a Rescue Officer's life, and remind us amidst the toil that our work is not in vain.



Baby Ethel, Ottawa Rescue Home.

Let me take you to a Canadian home, near one of the small villages, grouped in various places in our fair domain. Two children, a boy and a girl, are playing around the door-step, rosy, merry, and happy. The mother, inside, is singing a low, sweet song, while preparing the evening meal, now and then looking out with expectant look, waiting for father to come home. By-and-bye a shout comes from the children, and she sees them coming up the garden walk, bright-eyed little Nellie perched upon father's shoulder, and Fred running along by his side. After their evening meal the children say their childish prayers and are tucked snugly away in their warm and cosy beds.

Here we change the picture. One evening the father's step was not quite so light, and though he had a smile for them, young as they were, they noticed a change. Through the dark days that followed, when everything was hushed and still, they scarcely could understand why, until one morning their sweet-faced auntie gathered them around her knee, and told them that while they were sleeping last night an angel came and took their father away to their own bright home in heaven, and that they must grow up good and true. She said they must live so that they would again meet him, and try to help mother. Then came the funeral, the crowd of people, the kind words and pitying glances.

But time is said to heal life's wounds and soothe its sorrows. This may be especially true in the sorrows of childhood, for while one never forgets, yet the keen, sharp edge wears down. Nellie and Fred never forgot their home influence; it was

one bright spot in the dark days that followed. The boy to-day is making his way up the steep ladder of life. He is making a good fight and is noble and true.

But what about the girl? Come with me just a short time back. Step into a little meeting in one of our Rescue Homes. They were singing that grand old hymn—

*Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.*

About eight of the girls were kneeling around the table seeking salvation; one amongst that number was little Nellie. She was one of the youngest in the Home, and beautiful—very beautiful. The large dark eyes looked up into the officer's face who was dealing with her, and she answered with a sad, sweet smile, "Yes, Captain, I believe I am saved." She prayed very earnestly, and seemed to be truly converted.

The days and weeks slipped away very quickly, when one day the doctor turned away from the sick-room and very sadly shook his head, saying, "We have done all that we can, but I fear that we cannot save her."

Another meeting was held, no one present will ever forget it.

"May the girls come and see me to-night, nurse? I am much stronger, and I would like to say good-bye. You will sing my favorite, 'No, never alone,' and Captain will sing, 'He died because He loved me so.' I like those best of all."

Slowly they all filed into the little room and gathered around the bed. Could you picture the group, eighteen girls, five officers, and her mother? We all sang together, she joining with us sometimes. She called them all by name, and after we had prayed, bid each one a last good-bye, telling each that she would watch for them over on the other shore. Then she bade her mother not to cry, and spoke of her brother Fred, and of happy days at home. As we laid her back among the pillows she whispered, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Sunday morning dawned beautifully bright



Ensign Hicks, in Charge of the Ottawa Rescue Home.

and clear, springtime was coming, and all nature was roused to meet it. The birds in the tree by the window seemed to be singing a glorious welcome. Just as the church bells were ringing out their glad, sweet call, we were watching with sad and heavy hearts a loved one slip away. Sitting by the bedside a terrible sadness came creeping over me. A mother's heart so crushed and torn—a little life left alone and nameless, in a cold and dark world—a young, bright, and beautiful life crushed and torn, dying, away from home and those who loved her dearly. I thought, "Can anything be worse?" and tears stole down my cheeks. I noticed a white hand lifted, and in words scarcely audible Nellie whispered, "Don't—cry, Ensign. I—am—going—up—there. So—worry—here. Jesus! Rest!" Then a bright smile stole across her face, and for a second the large brown eyes wandered around the room, then she faintly whispered again, "Mother, don't—cry. Fred. The—flowers. I'm—going—there,—mother. Home. Jesus!" With breaking hearts we knelt around the bed and prayed, while her spirit went home to God.

The girls in the Home, who had learned to love Nellie dearly, were moved upon as no other influence could have done. They had known her, seen her sorrow and her Christian life, for the Spirit of Jesus had been manifested unmistakably in her blameless conduct. Oh, the transforming power of Christ, Who only gives true loveliness and grace to the character, and beautifies the life given into His keeping.

We laid her among the flowers of purest white. A lady kindly sent eighteen beautiful roses—one for each year; no dark one, the shadow was lifted. We knelt around the coffin of her who, beautiful in life, was gloriously beautiful in death. A large white wreath was laid upon the casket, with this inscription alone;

"NELLIE, AGE 18. SAVED."

*But the bird with the broken pinion  
Kept another from the snare;  
And the life that sin had stricken  
Kept another from despair.  
Each life has its own compensation,  
There's healing for each pain;  
And the bird with the broken pinion  
In heaven shall soar again.*



A Group of Children in the Ottawa Rescue Home.

## Thirty Years and Now; Or, The Story of a Great Transformation.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN PHILLIPS, CHANCELLOR WESTERN PROVINCE.

**L**NDOUTEDLY one of the triumphs of civilization is the tremendous development of the Canadian Northwest—that vast territory lying between the great lakes and the Rocky Mountains, and stretching from the 49th parallel away to the north, covering, roughly speaking, an area of 760,000 square miles, and which includes the Province of Manitoba and the Territories of Assiniboina, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Athabasca.

The settlement of these wonderful stretches of fertile lands dates back less than thirty years ago, though it is about a hundred years since Lord Selkirk (with a company of hardy Scotch settlers) pushed his way through the Hudson Bay, and in spite of almost insurmountable difficulties established the Red River Colony, with Fort Garry—the site of the present city of Winnipeg—as its centre.

His Lordship's prediction at that time, that the broad plains that unfolded themselves to his view would some day maintain a population of thirty million people, was no doubt treated as the dream of an idle visionary, but we are safe in saying that, at the present rate of progress, this startling statement, made a century ago, is within measurable distance of fulfilment. The following official figures will give our readers some idea of the great crowd of people that is pouring into western Canada:

Year ending June 30th, 1901.... 49,149 souls.  
Year ending June 30th, 1902.... 67,379 souls.  
Year ending June 30th, 1903.... 128,364 souls.

Of these 128,364 of the current year, 41,792 were British, 49,473 were American, and the remaining 37,099 were made up of Europeans. It is safe to say that out of the vast crowd that came into this country last year not less than 105,000 settled west of Lake Superior. The months of July, August, September, October and November show considerable increases over the same months in 1902.

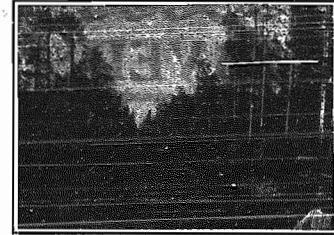
Neither time nor space will permit us to go into an extended description of this wonderful country, but War Cry readers can scarcely comprehend how quickly this vast area is being

transformed from "The Great Lone Land" to the granary of the Empire.

For the past three seasons the Northwest has raised between 60 and 70 million bushels of wheat each year, and to garner this crop an army of twenty thousand harvesters has to be imported each year from eastern Canada.

### THE WESTERN METROPOLIS.

Another feature of this great transformation is the wonderful growth and prosperity of the Metropolis of the West—Winnipeg. In the space of three or four decades this city has seen a transformation like to few, if any, others on the American continent. From two mails a year,



The end of the Steel Track on the C.N.R. Main Line.

months some one hundred wholesale warehouses and over one thousand residences have been erected, all confirming that this city is destined to rank among the first in the Dominion.

Railway construction throughout the west is an important factor. Both the C.P.R. and C.N.R. are pushing forward its systems, and already the Canadian Northern has graded its transcontinental line within eighty miles of Prince Albert—this railway is opening up a fine section of wooded country. Along its route it skirts the Red Deer Lake, where the Red Deer



WINNIPEG THIRTY YEARS AGO.

[By courtesy of C. N. R. Co.]

by dog sled and canoe, to three or four deliveries daily; from the Red River ox-cart to one of the best electric railway services; from adhesive mud to smooth asphalt; from scarcely a hundred log huts to fine streets of business establishments and costly residences; and from a handful of trappers, hunters, and Indians to a present-day population of 65,000—these are a few of the contrasts in the evolution of this city.

We give a summary in this paragraph of the present position of the city of Winnipeg: Total assessable property, \$28,615,810; total exemption, \$6,558,060; taxes, 1902, 23 1-2 mills; area, 20 square miles; asphalt pavements, 18 miles; paved walks, 190 miles; sewers, 69 miles; graded streets, 131 miles; granolithic walks, 11 miles; boulevards, 49 miles; and water supply mains, 81 miles. These figures speak for themselves. During the last eighteen

Lumber Company have just erected a thoroughly-equipped saw mill with a capacity of turning out 250,000 feet of lumber every twenty-four hours. The yearly output is expected to reach the enormous quantity of 40,000,000 feet. We mention this to show that with the opening up of this section the lumber problem will be largely solved.

### NEW COUNTRY OPENED.

We cannot here speak of the wonderful advances made in the Saskatoon country, on the Prince Albert branch of the C.P.R., and in these fertile sections stretching between Calgary and Edmonton, but so rapidly is it being settled that small towns are springing up all along these routes.

That the country is pregnant with glorious possibilities, never dreamed of before, is becoming more apparent every day, and within its borders we see the abundant provision God has made to relieve the struggle for existence that the teeming multitudes are experiencing in the more congested parts of the world.

That there are disadvantages and hardships to contend with we do not wish to disguise or deny, but none so great but what the indomitable will of the man who says he will succeed can overcome.

Truly the incoming of these tens of thousands is making transformations almost unparalleled in the annals of history.

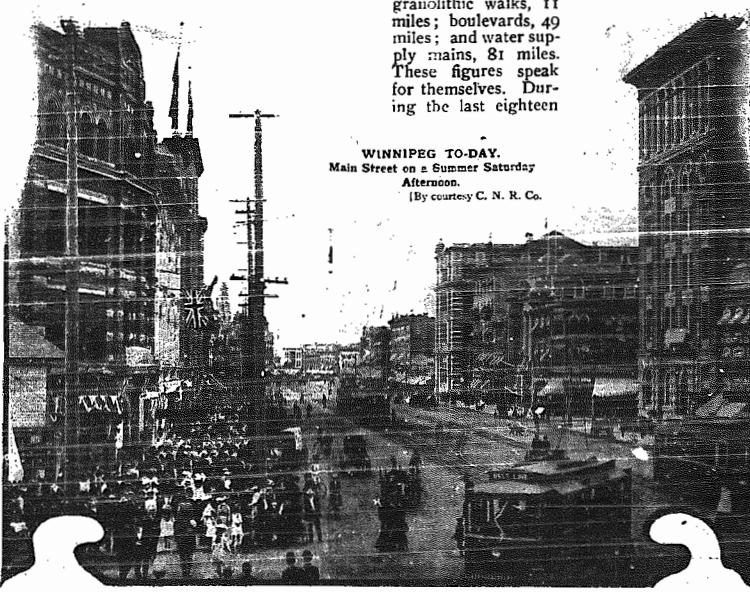
We have given a few photographs typical of the country in its different phases.

### TRANSFORMATIONS OTHERWISE.

When the religious history of this great Northwest is written, the Salvation Army will, of necessity, be referred to by the writer (whoever he may be) if he wishes his record to be complete, for the Army has done herculean service in the pushing of the claims of God throughout this great territory, and we rejoice to say, not without tangible and visible results.

In the fifteen years that have elapsed since the Army first planted its standard of blood-and-fire in the streets of Winnipeg, many changes and transformations have taken place. In the intervening years wonderful trophies of His saving grace have gone from its ranks below to join the Army triumphant in heaven, while hundreds

WINNIPEG TO-DAY.  
Main Street on a Summer Saturday  
Afternoon.  
[By courtesy C. N. R. Co.]

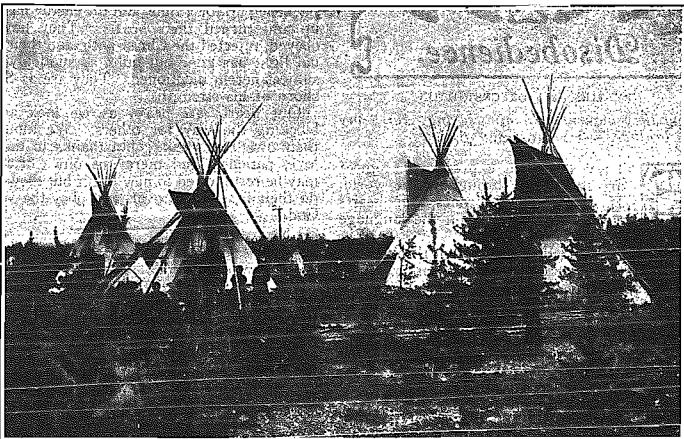


are found to-day in its ranks on earth. The work still goes on, and slowly but surely the regenerating influence of that Gospel which, twenty centuries ago, was heralded in by Him whose birth we are commemorating is permeating through the length and breadth of this vast country. Scarcely a mail reaches us without some intelligence of the intense awakening manifest in many parts in the hearts of numbers who are attending our meetings. We thank God for this. Especially is it so with regard to the western part of the Province. Both Calgary and Medicine Hat have had revivals, while Winnipeg scarcely closes a meeting without someone at the mercy seat. We have many problems to solve. The ever-moving transient crowds present difficulties that are not met with in the more settled parts of the country, but nevertheless we are following up with gratifying results the people who find their way to our penitent forms in the different corps.

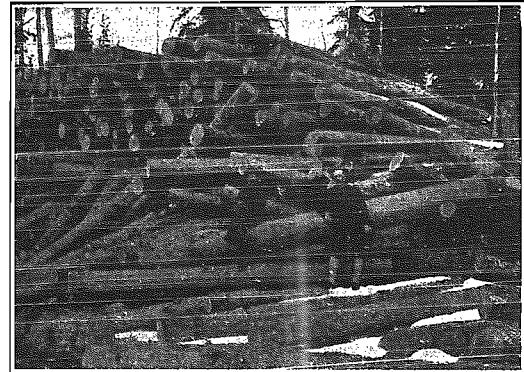
Our splendid Citadel and Provincial Headquarters in Winnipeg, and the more recently erected building, with its District Headquarters, at Calgary, in the far West, together with the numerous other barracks scattered through the Province, speak volumes for the advance that has been made in the matter of properties.

The past year has seen some notable advances, both financially and numerically. The former is particularly noticeable; with the splendid crops that have been gathered in there have come correspondingly better times, and naturally our corps have benefited as a result.

Notwithstanding the constant ebb and flow of



The Remnant of a Dying Nation.



A Log Dump on the Red Deer Lumber Company's Limit.

our people, we have made some advances numerically, and the present Siege will augment our figures to a still greater degree.

We have not been behind in the matter of property advances. Our worthy P. O. has just had the pleasure of opening a splendid building in that prosperous and booming town of Edmonton. Rents are almost beyond our reach in many places, and in this town we were forced,

by sheer circumstances, to face the proposition of building; thanks to the splendid ability of Adj't. Green, the problem has been solved, and we have now a fine property of our own.

Major Burditt's first year's administration has solved the barracks question in other places.

Regina is another town where the boom has forced us out of our rented hall on to the street; here we have secured a very central lot, and hope in a few months to be in our own place. The officers have done nobly in this town; something like \$600 have been subscribed in a few months, besides the other special schemes that have been successfully carried through. In other parts of the Province some very knotty property problems have been straightened out, and we have not the slightest doubt but what the year nineteen hundred and four will chronicle many greater advances in this direction. Recent reports

from many corps give evidence of a promising activity, which justify our confidence in the future.

We are going on doing our best to not only better the temporal conditions of things, but to bring about that transformation in the world, which is the aim and desire of every true follower of Him who came to redeem and regenerate it.

## A Christmas Card from Jamaica.

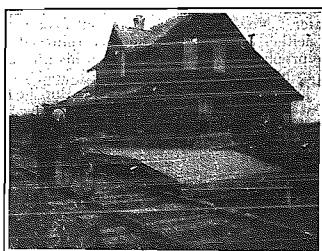
You may say what you please about tithing, Sam,

A reason's not hard to find, [say, When you wish to say what you never should

Or mind what you should not mind;

If you wait till 'tis easy to give to God,

You never will give, I'm sure, Not even a tenth, although you plop To help the Lord, and the poor.



Lieut. Gardner, Going to Preach to the Lumbermen at Red Deer, on the G. N. Ry.

There's a coolie man here in Jamaica, Sam, Who works in a marshy sod, But who gathers his rice when 'tis ripe and nice, Giving the first-fruits to God!

Some think him a heathen, and say he is one Who never will get to heaven; But p'r'aps for the sake of what he has done His sins will be all forgiven. ,

I shan't forget what he said to me, Sam, When I begged him some rice one day— "First cut-teet must gim-me to Massa God, Atter me whole o' day pray!" And he told me how he afterwards gave This rice to the poor to eat— Though he hardly knew he'd a soul to save, He furnished the Lord with meat! —Adj't. W. Raglan Phillips.

## CHRISTMAS.

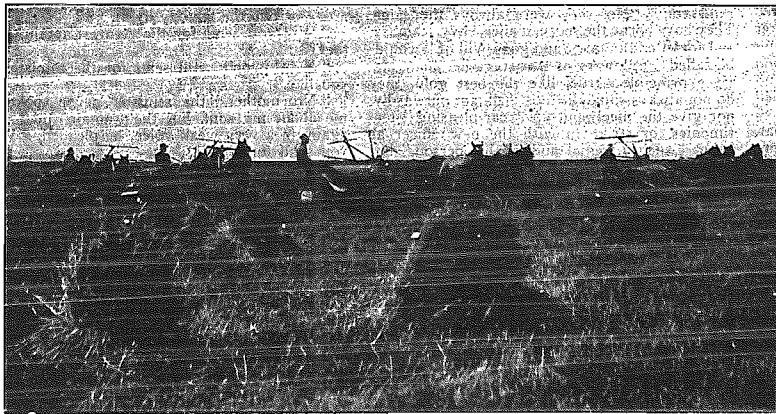
Season of unalloyed delights! once more Thou'rt with us, and to dear ones far away, [to-day;

In other lands, thought takes its flight And eyes wet with joy-tears smile as of yore Into bright, loving eyes, unseen for years, And hearts are happy, knowing their's are so:

At home, by "ingle nook" in cot, and hall, Fond recollections of the long ago The grey-haired sire recalls, and joys and fears

And truest sympathies come back to all: And hands clasp hands, so long kept apart, [each heart;

And love, grown cold, this morn glows in O Christ, whose birth has hallowed this blessed day, [hearth away! Be Thou a welcome Guest beside the



HARVEST SCENE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

Seventy Million Bushels are Grown Yearly, and Millions of Acres yet Await Cultivation.

# Disobedience.

BY MRS. MAJOR CREIGHTON.

"And they mourned for him, saying, Alas! my brother."—1 KINGS XIII. 30.

**V**ERY day such expressions of grief are still heard throughout the world. If not in audible tones, our hearts repeat again and again the language of this verse.

From Adam and Eve right down through the ages, perhaps no greater falls or sorer defeats have come to God's children than those brought upon them by disobedience.

But why mourn for this man of God? Did he not go out according to the command and cry against the altars of Bethel? Did he not refuse the King's rewards and favors? Yes; and he even returned upon his way by a different road, as told him by the Lord. But let us follow on. What is this obstruction in the way? We draw nearer. We look a little closer, and behold a lion, an ass, and a dead man. Who is he? How came he to this end? Do my ears deceive me? Oh, that they did! But, alas! I hear an old prophet say—who seems familiar with the face and cause—"It is the man of God, who was disobedient unto the word of the Lord; therefore the Lord hath delivered him unto the lion, which hath torn him and slain him."

Wherein was his unfaithfulness? Did we not see him a few hours before, self-sacrificing, daring, and obedient? True, but he failed to carry out the entire command of God. He sat down by the roadside, under an oak, and an old prophet overtook him and insisted that he should return and have some bread and water. Now, he had been strictly commanded to neither eat nor drink until he returned. But the prophet, with falsehood upon his lips, claimed to have been sent by the Lord, and, yielding to his wishes, he goes back. But however pleasant that meal may have been, this awful revelation of God's displeasure awakens him. "Forasmuch as thou hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord . . . and has eaten bread and drank water in this place, thy carcass shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers. And when he was going out a lion met him in the way and slew him." Thus a useful life passed out of existence through what seemed a very little thing.

Folded hands and easy chairs are very inviting to the devil. He is ever ready to find some one to entertain us if we are feeling indifferent to our work. If we go straight ahead in the path of duty we are much less apt to be overtaken by the enemy.

Then he is so subtle. If he always approached us with that hellish flash in his eye, or we were penetrated through and through with his lion-like roars, we would rise, face, and fight him. But when, through professing prophets and Christians of years' standing, we pause to listen, we too often are snared by him.

No sacrifice, however great, will be accepted by God in place of obedience. To obey is better than sacrifice. Saul, who was honored in being Israel's first King, instead of slaying all, as God commanded, spared the best of the flocks, and thus forfeited his position, and in the end died by his own hand.

However simple may be the command, that, and only that, will meet with God's favor. There was no sin in eating bread and drinking water, but it was done at the wrong time and directly opposite to God's command. He calls for perfect obedience.

There are times, too, when the command of God may seem mysterious to us, and as far as we can see, it is beyond our powers to solve why we should do such, and these far-seeing people crowd around us and tell us they have the light, and there is no need for such sacrifice; but beware of such. Whether it is reasonable or otherwise, it is sufficient that God has commanded and we must perform it, leaving results with Him.

However sad may be the instance furnished us by the disobedience of this man of God, we are still faced by similar cases. Men and women who at one time were bright, self-sacrificing, and zealous, who toiled faithfully for God, have

slackened up for a time, and the enemy has stolen up and turned their hearts. They have disobeyed, rejected the Christ-path, and their spiritual light has gone out quite as suddenly as the subject herein mentioned. They are as Samson shorn of his strength.

Our hearts are heavy as we look at them blocking the way for others. We mourn for their own soul's sake; but thanks to the great love, patience, and mercy of our Christ, they may be resurrected to new life if but they return to their first works over, and obey the voice of God.

## Pure Gold.

BY ADJUTANT FRED BLOSS.

**P**URE GOLD! What a fascination it has! How our eyes sparkle as we look upon it! Yet there are several peculiarities about it. The purest is not always the brightest. I remember when I beheld it for the first time as it was taken out of the ground; it had different shades of color, some was of more value than others, and I was somewhat disappointed when I was informed that the dullest color was the purest and most valuable. Pure gold stands the test. Geologists were baffled in the Klondyke region; the formation of the ground upset theories that had hitherto governed them as they dug down into the earth; everything seemed turned upside down—rich loam, ivory tusks, bones of large animals, etc., pointed to it once being a tropical climate, yet all was frozen in one mass. No one seemed to know whether it was of volcanic or glacial



Commissioner and Mrs. Oliphant, Germany.

action that the ground was so; but one thing remained and was unharmed, excepting for a little "rubbing up" which is got against the stones, and that was the pure gold.

When it was found it was not long before counterfeits came upon the scene. Brass was mixed in with the gold and only experts could tell the difference.

How we love to see "pure gold" in human nature! How our minds revert to individuals who have possessed this quality: men and women of "gold," their lives are transparent, they have stood by you through thick and thin; when the storm has raged the loudest they have been particular to stick the closer to you; you were never afraid they would "turn on you and rend you." No, they were always the same. They have borne the scorn, malice, envy, jealousy, and forfeited the favor and good-will of "would-be-called" followers of Christ, rather than sacrifice principle; true, like the best gold, they do not always shine the most brilliant outwardly, nor give the nicely-cut-up, "ear-pleasing" testimonies, or strike in with the new officer as being "such a genial and affable person," but they are *there* when the officer farewells—the gold has not tarnished one bit.

When I go into a corps, and hear someone say, "Oh, if the other officer had not treated me so I would have been a soldier to-day," I say, "Where is the pure gold?" Fire cannot hurt gold, water makes no difference to it except washing the dirt off. St. Paul says, "For ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." (Col. iii. 3.) A dead man cannot get offended because he cannot feel. Then there's the counterfeit, you find them wherever you go; they sit on the platform with you, in your holiness meetings, give to your collections (sometimes for show and sometimes to gain your confidence). Like the brass, you can hardly detect them from the pure gold. They are so near alike that Christ said, "Let both grow together until

the harvest, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them." Yes, and how "brassy" some of them are. Angels could not preach more flowery discourses than some of them, yet their talk hasn't the "ring," or has not the fascination of pure gold: they are never condemned, always blessedly saved, while perhaps some of the pure gold are suffering a Gehsemene on account of the Judas kiss the others are giving to the cause of God.

At this time we are celebrating the birth of One who brought into the world a "munt of this precious gold," not for Himself, but for us, that we might be partakers of His life. Oh, that glorious morning! What has it not done for us who were once dead in trespasses and sin? "Oh, that the world would taste and see," was His motto. May it be ours.

## Christmas in Heaven.

BY ENSIGN G. SMITH, T.T.C.

**T**HERE is no questioning it, it was pretty hard in our corps to get souls saved; in fact, the people of the town seemed to have made up their mind to leave us severely alone. When the Army opened fire there had been fierce opposition and persecution; but souls got saved, good soldiers were made, and officers went into the field. When, however, the persecution ceased the people seemed to get disinterested. A soul got saved now and again, it is true, and we were glad when they did come, for we fought hard for them, and it meant hard fighting for those who came. Yes, it was hard.

One night, about two months before Christmas, a young man for whose salvation we had been praying, made up his mind to forsake sin and serve the Lord. He came to the penitent form all broken up and got beautifully saved. I dealt with him myself, and knowing something of the persecution he would receive at home, tried to give him all the encouragement possible.

Alas! his stepmother (for his own mother was dead) hated the Army, and didn't forget to vent her spite on the boy when he told her of his conversion. If he stayed at meeting a little late the door would be shut on him, and he would have to sleep in the hayloft, although the fall nights were very cold. The poor, delicate lad couldn't stand it; he got wrong in his soul and went into sin again.

Although persecution ceased now at home, his heart was miserable. The pricks of an accusing conscience within were worse than persecutions without. At last, just before Christmas, he made up his mind to try again, and, come what may, he would serve God; then the same old persecutions commenced, but he stood true.

About a week before Christmas he asked the Captain if it would be all right to get some evergreens to decorate the barracks for Christmas.

"Certainly," said the Captain, "I would be glad to get some."

So the lad promised to bring them the next Friday. The day he set out for the bush it was cold and rainy. He got wet through, caught a bad cold, which turned to inflammation, and in a day or two the boy lay dying.

"Will you send for the Army Captain, mother?"

"No, I won't. I'll send for the minister if you like."

"No, mother; the minister never spoke to me about my soul, but the Captain did," and again, in a very weak voice, he pleaded, "Will you send for him?"

"You'll die before I'll have him in the house," was the hard answer.

What a scene! A child of God making a last request, and the one who should have been to him a mother, watching him die without a friend because of spite and prejudice! But God did not forsake His child in this hour of death and loneliness. No! Just as the last spark of life flared up, the boy raised himself on his elbow and, pointing with his finger to the other end of the room, exclaimed, "O mother, look! See those beautiful white people there." Then with his face all lit up with joy, he said, "They are coming nearer, they are coming for me, mother; I see the gates, and I'm going with them."

The next moment the frail body dropped back dead, while his spirit went with the angels to spend the Christmas in heaven.

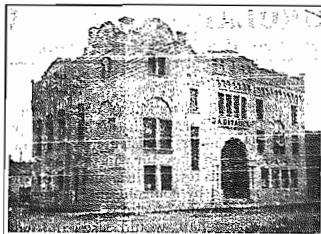
# ARMY ARCHITECTURE.

The Consolidation of Our Work in this Territory Includes the Acquisition of a Number of Substantial and Suitable Properties.

**R**APIDLY as the Salvation Army spread when first invading Canada, sweeping like a prairie fire from ocean to ocean, its organization could not keep pace with its rapid advances. It is not to be wondered at that mistakes happened in connection with the numerous buildings which were erected everywhere—mistakes which were largely due to inexperience.

The most frequently-repeated error was the fact that the halls were built too large. No allowance was made for the fact that a considerable percentage of our congregation was drawn by curiosity for the entirely novel organization, and it is a known fact to the student of humanity that the majority of people are easily satisfied when once their first curiosity is satisfied.

Another mistake was that everybody connected with a building scheme thought it an easy matter to raise the needed money, and went at it enthusiastically; but when the building was finished their ardor cooled down—they had a building, they had raised the missing balance by a mortgage, and now they did not trouble any more. Hence, we had both many properties



S. A. Citadel, Winnipeg, Man.

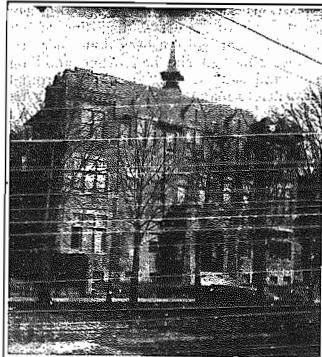
and many mortgages, and most of them too large.

But we have grown older and wiser. After going through a period of financial depression, which, in its intensity, is known to a few of those officers connected with Territorial Headquarters on whom the weight of heavy responsibility fell, we have emerged into a safe financial position, and our properties are secure and improved. It is true, we parted with some of the older structures at a loss, but it was certainly a gain to lose in those cases.

Our late structures have been greatly improved. On the whole, we have built more substantially, more suited our buildings to the actual need, and given careful attention to a safe financing of each scheme.

Amongst our best properties erected in recent years stand out the Winnipeg Citadel and the Territorial Training Home at Toronto. The Winnipeg edifice is of white brick, contains Provincial Offices, a large auditorium, a week-night hall, and corps officers' quarters. It is situated in a splendid locality, cost us about \$35,000, but has much improved in value since we bought it.

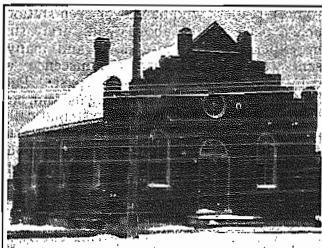
The Citadel superceded the old wooden structure, formerly a church, which we purchased in former years. The Training Home was required on account of the improvement made in the training of Cadets by the Commissioner's scheme of central training; and as a building it cannot be



Territorial Training Home.

equalled anywhere for its purposes. It cost about \$30,000, and accommodates about fifty Cadets, having entirely separate wings for each sex, including dormitories, dining-rooms, school-rooms, libraries, etc., a common lecture hall, and separate quarters for the Principals and their assistants. It is also situated in an ideal locality for our work.

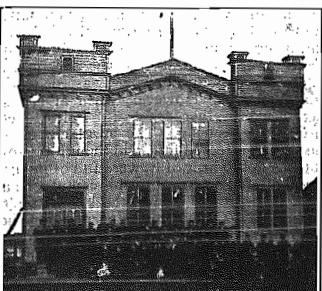
Other buildings of less imposing extent have



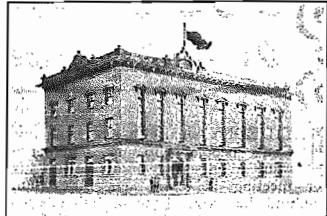
Garberry Barracks.

been erected within a year or two in quite a few places. We would mention the following, representing both large and very small corps:

Staff-Capt. Miller, our Building Superintendent, has only recently completed Petrolia barracks. It is a pleasing brick building, with a hall of a seating capacity for 300 people, which can be made smaller by folding doors, to provide for week-night meetings a suitable place, also a



Giese Bay Barracks.

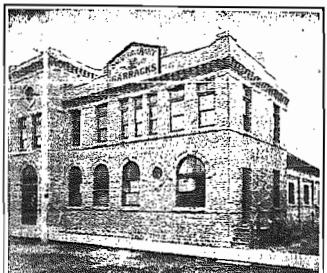


The Proposed New Montreal Barracks and Provincial Headquarters.

comfortable officers' quarters. The building cost \$3,200, the land having been collected for and paid for locally.

Capt. Locke superintended the erection of our New Glasgow barracks. It is a frame building, consisting of main hall, accommodating 250 people, junior hall, and officers' quarters. As in the former case, the land was purchased and paid for by local donations before the building, which cost \$3,600, was begun.

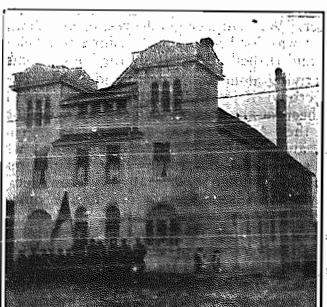
Windsor, Ont., had its new barracks built by contract. It is a fine brick structure in a much-frequented street, opposite the armories, and comprises officers' quarters, a large hall seating about 400 people, a smaller hall for week-night services, and a junior hall, which can be arranged into class-rooms. Building and land cost \$7,300.



Calgary Barracks.—One of the best of its size in the Territory.

One of the best Army buildings for its size is the Calgary barracks, costing in all about \$7,000. It was erected of brick entirely, and contains an officers' quarters, week-night hall, and large hall. Ensign Gillam, who managed its erection, deserves great credit for the economical way in which it was done, and the fact that he raised all but \$1,500 in local donations.

A splendid scheme now under consideration is the new Montreal property. Our former property is now altogether surrounded by warehouses, factories, and business houses, therefore our congregation has been squeezed out, and we found our building altogether unsuited for our purposes. Brigadier Turner has a splendid proposal to alter three large stone dwellings, on a most desirable street corner, into one large structure, containing Provincial Headquarters, officers' quarters, large and small halls, and other accommodation necessary for our work in Montreal. The entire cost, when alterations are completed, is estimated at \$25,000—of which our Montreal corps and Provincial Headquarters will collect and give the sum of \$10,000.



Our Sydney, G.B., Barracks.

# A Staff Officer's Training Days.

BY AMO DIES.

**D**Ecidely small was the company of God's people who met together one rainy Wednesday night for the usual prayer meeting held in their little country church, and that evening amongst those present was a very small girl, we might imagine rather prim and old-fashioned for her years, the happy possessor of a little cotton handkerchief bordered with pictures outlined in red. That evening an unusual thing happened in that prayer meeting, for a small penitent knelt at the altar rail, led there by her dear father, and the little red handkerchief was wet and stained with tears. That little girl was Staff-Capt. Scarr.

It was after much persuasion and coaxing that the writer persuaded the Staff-Captain to consent to being interviewed with the object of getting a page from her early Army career, as the Staff-Captain is one of those persons who is always very busy. But we feel sure that it will be of interest, especially to the young officers who are so privileged to live in the present days of the Army, with its many advantages, particularly that of an efficient training for the duties and responsibilities of the war that must follow, to get a glimpse at the early training of a veteran.

Sarah Scarr's first acquaintance with the Salvation Army was through the newspapers, and long before she saw it she tells us she grew to love it, and waited anxiously for the opportunity to see and hear it for herself. Occasionally news of the Army came to her home in a round-about way. A tin-pedlar, the unfortunate victim of an accident that necessitated his wearing a wooden leg, used to make an occasional call, and this affliction so appealed to Sarah's large heart that he always found a sympathetic customer in her, and, of course, never failed to call when he passed that way. One day, in conversation with a neighbor, he made some unkind remarks about the Army, which reached Sarah's ears, and on this account her sympathy for the tin-pedlar met a violent death, and not even the fact that he was afflicted with a wooden leg would induce her to purchase from him again.

Shortly after this the Army opened fire in a small town about eleven miles from her home, and at the first opportunity she drove in to see the strange people. Her first glimpse of the Army was a little band of men and women on the street corner, some with clothes recently patched and some with clothing still out at the elbows and knees, but all looking bright and happy in spite of the fact that they had to kneel down in the mud in the pouring rain. As the open-air meeting went on, and one and another testified, a convert stood out in the ring and said he thanked God for salvation, that he had got it, and was now coming round to pay his debts, including whisky bills.

In a very short time she threw in her lot with the Army and became a soldier, and after a short period was asked to go to supply at a corps while the officer came and rested at her home. She had felt God calling her to give up her life as an officer in the Army, but could not bear the thought of parting with home and loved ones there. She prayed that if it were God's will that she should go, she might be spared the ordeal of saying farewell, and God answered her prayer. Without any good-byes, or any thought that it was for life, she packed up a few belongings and rushed off to supply for the sick officer.

Arriving alone at her destination, she was met by a crowd of jeering toughs. A bevy of ladies had been at the station to meet the new officer, whom they expected was going to be a gentleman, and evidently were so disappointed when they saw Cadet Scarr that they did not make themselves known to her at all. However, an unsavvy man kindly took her to the officer's boarding-house. Next morning was Sunday, and her initiatory meeting was knee-drill. As she had never been present at an Army knee-drill before, she found this meeting a rather trying one. She had an idea, however, that this was a meeting for prayer, and forthwith made everyone present pray in turn. In spite of her

inexperience and youth, and so unfavorable a reception, God blessed her stay in that corps, and as she did so well alone as a supply, the D. O. used her as a kind of "relief" to fill in when a gap occurred.

At length she was sent, under a Captain, where a great deal of work was to be done, and upon the young Cadet's shoulders fell the burden of the housework, cleaning of barracks, looking after fires, visiting the soldiers and people, and selling the War Crys. By dint of hard work and lots of push, Cadet Scarr succeeded in working up the sale of her Crys, disposing of every copy, a thing that had not been done there for a long time, although she had often stood on a doorstep and sang a song or chorus from the Cry in order to make a sale. Farewelling from that corps a little later, she was promoted to the rank of Captain and sent in charge.

At this time of the year, when our minds travel so swiftly to home and the happy family circle that will be gathered around the Christmas dinner, and we, especially the Cadets and younger officers, will feel how much we would like to be there, perhaps it will be of interest and encouragement to hear how Staff-Capt. Scarr spent her first Christmas away from home.

She was alone, in a little town where the Army had a very small corps at that time—perhaps not more than six or eight soldiers to stand by her. The Captain had gone to spend Christmas with her friends, and Cadet Scarr was left to hold the fort alone. The quarters was a large, bare-looking place, the furniture being chiefly packing boxes with muslin pinned around them. The Army was not very popular in the town, and very few people remembered the Army officers; so it was rather a forlorn and homesick little girl that sat down to dinner that Christmas Day, although the day was brightened by the presence of her sister, who had come from home to pay her a visit.

However, no matter how lonely she felt, she determined to get up something special, so that the soldiers and people might feel that the Army recognized Christmas, and accordingly she arranged for a special song service for the night meeting, and it turned out very nicely.

We might say here that eleven Christmas Days came and went before Staff-Capt. Scarr had the opportunity of spending one with her family at home, since she had rushed off that day to supply for the sick officer. She always endeavored to put the interests of the Kingdom first, gladly denying herself, if it were thereby benefited. And her years of faithful service have not been forgotten by God or her superior officers, for to-day she holds the very responsible position, under Major and Mrs. Stanyon, of being in charge of the Women's Wing of the Territorial Training College.

## TWO VISITS FROM BURGLARS!

A Somewhat Novel Experience of a Few Years Ago.

BY ADJUTANT ATTWELL.

**L**ET me say that the officers had been away in the country visiting some of their soldiers, and, I believe, holding a meeting at one of the outposts. It was a corps that could boast (?) of no less than four of these. In later years, when the Circle Corps system was adopted, all these were "run" regularly, and it took the officers all their time to keep things going systematically. Any of my comrade-officer-readers who have ever been stationed at such a place as the above, will surely smile at the experience of those days, and many a pleasant (and unpleasant) reminiscence will come to them as they review the past. Those whose lot has fallen so far in towns and cities may yet have a chance of "systematically" running a corps with an outpost or two. Variety being the spice of life, they may expect enough of the latter commodity to flavor several batches of Christmas pudding.

But to come back to my story. The officers reached the town very late, dismissed the soldier who drove them in with a word of cheer, and made for the quarters. It was situated at the back of the barracks, and over the week-night hall, at the top of a long flight of stairs, the aspect from its windows being fields and scenery, very nice during the day and in summer, but very lonely and dismal during the winter. And it was not summer at the time this incident occurred. Perhaps I am telling this story in a shamefully disconnected manner, but I feel it would enable my readers to more generously sympathize with these two officers if I mention here that just a short time before this night the Captain had undergone the somewhat startling experience of finding a burglar in the quarters in the early hours of the morning! The Lieutenant, being a sound sleeper, positively declined to wake up at this most dramatic juncture, although the Captain's elbow was delivering agonized nudges. However, when at last she opened her eyes, her cries of "Police!" etc., were quite re-assuring. The burglar made off downstairs at a record rate, and though the town authorities got to hear of it, were full of indignation, and offered a reward for his capture, he has not yet been located. He'll be known on the Judgment Day, and we must sincerely hope he'll be with us at the right hand. I wonder how he'll feel when he meets the Captain again!

Having digressed to such an extent from my original story, we will now come back to these dear officers going down the side of the main

hall, all alone, and in darkness. See them unlock the quarters door, watch the brave Captain walk up the dark stairs, the Lieutenant following closely, and hear the key turn in the lock of the door. It opens a few inches, and, horror of horrors! it is held by someone inside the room. Imagining the Captain's feelings! I've known some men whose hair would rise, and whose cheeks would take on that peculiar "gooseflesh" feeling! Let none of my readers laugh. It was no laughing matter for the Lieutenant anyway, for she also made a record run down those stairs, the Captain a close second! They reached the sidewalk, and stood trembling. Not a soul in sight, and another burglar in the house! Whatever could they do? Should they make for the nearest soldier, or go to the Chief of Police? At last they see a man coming, and muster up courage to tell him their plight. Brave man, he undertakes to fight their battles for them. Telling them not to be frightened, he leads the way. He may have been somewhat perturbed himself, but he feels it would never do to let these girls notice anything of the kind, and they must compliment him on his success, for he acted very bravely and gentlemanly. Up the stairs he went, tried to push open the door, felt some resistance, mustered all his strength and pushed hard. Open came the door, and the culprit was caught. It was a clothes-bag, which had fallen from its peg and kept the door from opening.

At the earnest solicitations of the officers, their friend in need promised not to "give them away," and to his credit be it said, there was no evidence that he did during their stay in that town. Of course, they all had a hearty laugh over the affair, and the officers at least were thankful they had such a mild case of burglary to deal with.

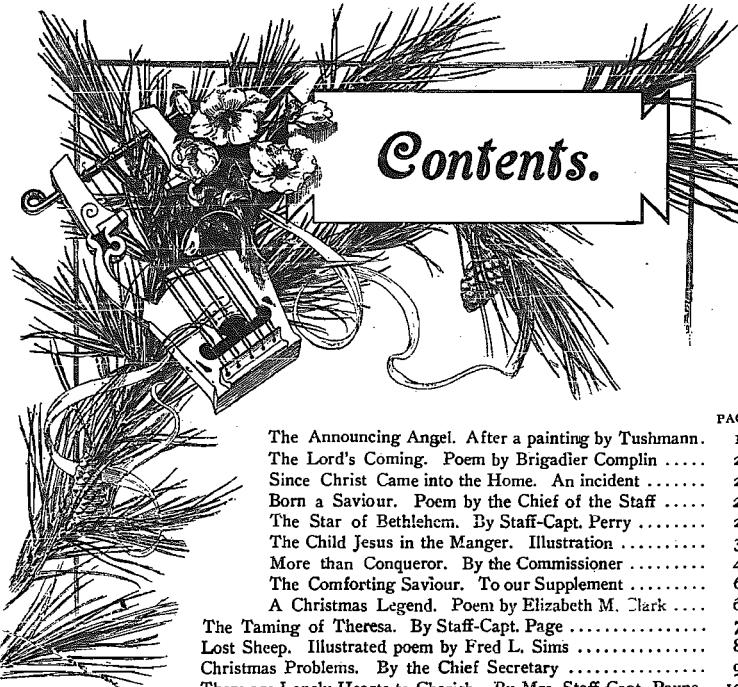
By the way, if it's no harm in asking, are any of my readers going through somewhat the same kind of experience? You know what I mean. You're running away from the enemy, or feel like it, and fear and worry have worked upon your feelings (especially when you've already had *one* experience of a similar kind a little way back). Comrades, don't be scared of a "clothes-bag"! A little extra effort on your part will push open the door of opportunity, and you'll laugh at your fears. Call in a friend who will "go before you," and you'll make this "clothes-bag" experience a stepping-stone to higher and braver things.

**Crus.**

O Love Divine, that stoopest to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear;  
On thee we cast each earthly burthen,  
We smile at pain while thou art near.  
  
Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each fingered year,  
The path we shun, to darkness and dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.  
  
When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
The trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The invincible wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us thou art near.  
  
On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, for ever dear;  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living or dying, thou art near!

CLEVER WENDELL HOMES.





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### The Babe that Saved the World.

BY REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

Every Christmas morning the Christian may gratefully exclaim, We have seen strange things to-day! There is a new song in the air; there is a new light on all the spaces of life; there is a new hope in the heart. Christmas brings us the Babe that saved the world. At Christmas we enter into the joy of having ourselves become babes in Christ Jesus. He keeps truly the season of the Nativity who feels that Christ has been born in him the hope of glory. Every heart must be the Bethlehem in which Christ is born. Has He been born in ours? Is He cradled in our love? Is He the child that makes all other children as angels? The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost. Has He found us

such? He has found many; the poorest, most wretched wanderer, found also! I want every little one gathered into the Saviour's bosom. people, bright jewels, I want you; to make the acquaintance of this Man-child, this Child-man, this Risen Upfitter of the world.

### Christmas Kindness.

BY REV. DR. JAMES STALKER.

The characteristic feature of this time of kindness. At Christmas the music of angels of Bethlehem, announcing the advent of peace and good will, seems to roll again around the globe; and at New Year, when the world

shakes itself free from the errors and failures of the past, and addresses itself to the old task with fresh energy and hope, it is a poor heart that does not go out with a genial glow to its fellow-creatures and wish them well. But these expansive feelings may evaporate in mere smoke, unless they are condensed and directed in some beneficent channel; and there can be no better method of utilizing the favorable opportunity than that suggested by our Lord in the words, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

### The Day of Sacrificing Love.

BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

Christmas Day is the day of sacrificing love. It is the day when self and all thought of self should be laid aside. Life seems to increase selfishness. Experience tells us that, in the struggle, each man must be for himself. We are learning better. We are learning that each man is to be for his fellow-man. The joy of the world, the mitigation of its hardships, the alleviation of its sorrows, are not matters outside our interest. They are the very things for which we should learn to sacrifice our wealth, our ease, and our self-pleasing, to promote. Not with signs of sovereign power did Christ come to speak a royal fiat and abolish all ill; but under limitations, by self-sacrifice, by patience and thought and effect, by doing kindly acts and speaking kindly words, by the sovereign power of simple and self-sacrificing love, did He live and work in the world. And so was the world brought to the feet of God—not by might, not by power, but by the Spirit which was God's. Let self, then, be flung aside on Christmas Day, and always. Let us throw ourselves upon the joys of others, forgetting our own sorrows; into the sorrows of others, forgetting our own pleasures.

Have You Ever Visited the Great

# ONE PRICE STORE?

NOTORIETY, FAME,  
POWER, WEALTH, INFLUENCE,  
PLEASURES,

An Immense Stock in Every Variety and Shade Always on Hand.

ANY ARTICLE SOLD AT THE  
ONE PRICE, YOUR SOUL!

Goods delivered for inspection. You need not pay or keep unless you like the article, but we never have any goods returned. PAY ON EASY TERMS. We will give you plenty of time. You need not pay until the day of your natural death.

## Mephisto & Beelzebub,

Store Open Day and Night and on Sundays.

## Nether Regions.

# SLUM THEATRE,

Corner Misery Street and Starvation Avenue.

## THRILLING TRAGEDIES ENACTED DAILY.

We have secured the best actors of the season, and among the able managers we have

Colonel Hunger,  
Messrs. Vice & Crime,  
W. Starvation,  
D. Filth.

## Public Square Opera House

Until further notice daily performance  
of the

FAMOUS FARCE,

## The Fool's Paradise

By the Renowned Stars  
of the

World, Flesh & Devil Co.

ADMISSION AT ALL PRICES  
ACCORDING TO PLACE.

Come early for the crowds are always very great. This has been the greatest show since the days of Lot. Smiles and tears chase each other.

## LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—A reputation, by a professing Christian, between Indifference Square and Doubtful Alley. Return to this office when found.

LOST—Last Sunday night the undersigned lost his power with God while staying at home nursing a grievance against a comrade. JIM GRUMBLE.

LOST—My salvation, on Friday night, on Bad Companion Street. I am seeking it with tears. Eternal gratitude will be the reward given to anyone who can aid me in its recovery.

STRAYED—In my meetings I have missed for some time the minds of many hearers, which have strayed from the body into unexplored regions. I should be willing to pay a large reward to anybody who can enable me to retain these truant minds in their proper places.

CAPT. JIM JAW

FOUND—The Pearl of Greatest Price was found by Annie True at the Mercy Seat last Friday evening.

## Long Distance Telephone.

## The Sky Line.

Direct Line to the Throne of Grace.  
Whosoever will may come and use it.

BRANCH OFFICES AT EVERY S. A. BARRACKS.

HEAD OFFICE.  
Cor. Humility and Sincerity Streets,  
Christchurch.

## HELP WANTED!

### Watchman.

MUST BE RELIABLE AND  
VIGILANT.

CAN BEGIN HIS DUTY AT ONCE.

For full particulars apply to

ISAIAH XXI. 6.

## Pure Milk for Babes.

The most nutritious Food  
for Spiritual Children is

"The Sincere Milk of the Word."

INQUIRE AT

I. PETER II. 2.

## Bank of New Jerusalem.

"Lay up for Yourselves Treasures in Heaven."

Paid-Up Capital: The Resources of Divinity.

"ABLE TO DO EXCEEDING ABUNDANTLY ABOVE ALL THAT WE ASK OR THINK."

### HIGHEST INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.

"Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in My name . . . he shall not lose his reward."

DRAFTS ISSUED TO ALL PARTS OF  
THE WORLD TO SHAREHOLDERS.

"What time I am afraid I will call upon the Lord."

PERFECTLY BURGLAR-PROOF VAULTS.

"Where thieves do not break through nor steal."

BRANCH OFFICES IN EVERY PART OF THE UNIVERSE.

"If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea."

# YULE-TIDE SONGS

## 1 Peace on Earth.

BY BRIGADIER SLATER.

Tunes—*I have pleasure in His service; Let me love Thee* (B.J. 154); *Whither pilgrims* (B.J. 69).

In night's stillness, grandly breaking,  
Comes the song by angels made;  
Marking known the Lord is taking  
Human form that He may save.  
Glory leaving! Hallelujah!

For earth grieving, praise His name!  
Slaves of sin He comes to ransom,  
For this purpose Christ is born.

"Peace on earth," the song's proclaiming;

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men!"  
Oh, how long, their God defaming,  
Men declared He pitied not!  
Through the ages, see God's labor,  
Using sages, psalmists, too,  
To make known His Son as Saviour,  
Him who's born at Bethlehem.

Give hearts peace, O God of mercy;  
Peace where sin has discord made;  
Prove to us, while here before Thee,  
Thy good pleasure—joy restore.  
For we've wandered, oh, forgive us!  
Grace we've squandered, wrath deserved;  
Yet, through Christ, the new-born Jesus,  
Free Thy people from their sin.

## 2 The Angels' Song.

BY SERGT. CHAS. PEARCE.

Tune—*Hark, the herald angels sing!* (B.J. 146.)

Hark! what strains of heavenly music,  
Floating on the midnight air;  
Angel hosts in sweetest chorus,  
Joyful news to man they bear.  
Shepherds gaze in fear and wonder,  
Angels sing in Bethlehem yonder.  
"Unto us this Christmas morn (repeat)  
Christ, the King of Glory's born."

Lo! His star then shines so brightly  
In the sky at early morn;  
Shepherds follow 'tis resting  
C'er the place where Christ was born.  
There with Wise men they adore Him,  
Cast their precious gifts before Him.  
In a humble cattle shed (repeat)  
Jesus lay in manger-bed.

Let each voice repeat the story:  
"Peace on earth, good-will to men!"  
On that happy Christmas morning  
O'er Judea this message rang:  
Unto you in Bethlehem's manger  
Is born this day the promised Saviour.  
Let your loud hosannas ring (repeat)  
Glory to the new-born King!

## 3 Christ was Born.

BY COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

Tune—*Tucker* (B.M. 125).

Full eighteen hundred years ago  
Christ was born, Christ was born,  
Christ was born,  
Within a manger, poor and low,  
Christ was born, Christ was born,  
Christ was born,  
The wise men came from far away  
To worship at the shrine, where lay  
Our Saviour King on coarse, rough hay—  
Christ was born, Christ was born,  
Christ was born.

To save the people of His race,  
Christ was born, Christ was born,  
Christ was born;  
But in that plan we have a place—  
Christ was born, Christ was born,  
Christ was born,  
His own the King would not receive,  
Yet He is waiting to relieve,  
All sinners who His word believe—  
Christ was born, Christ was born,  
Christ was born.

And now in realms of endless day  
Jesus lives, Jesus lives, Jesus lives;  
His kingdom shall not pass away—  
Jesus lives, Jesus lives, Jesus lives.  
Millions are there in spotless white,  
Made victors through their Saviour's  
night;  
And we may join their hosts so bright—  
Jesus lives, Jesus lives, Jesus lives.

## Chorus.

Salvation all can have,  
Salvation all can have,  
Since Jesus came, in human frame,  
Salvation all can have.

Som men from far, led by a star,  
The Saviour-Babe to see,  
With presents grand went thro' the land,  
In all humility.  
They found Him laid where cattle staid,  
In a manger He did rest;  
He'd come to save, they worship gave,  
And thus, we feel, were blest.

Let us to-day seek while we may  
The self-same One to see;  
As Saviour dear, to all He's near,  
If His we wish to be.  
The great and small, yea, people all,  
This glorious Christmas day,  
May have His peace, never to cease,  
If they will kneel and pray.

## 4 From Glory and Grandeur.

BY COLONEL LAWLEY.

Tunes—*Oh, the drunkard may come* (D.M. 186); *Home, sweet home* (B.J. 54); *Dear Jesus, I long for Thee* (B.J. 55).

From glory and grandeur to sorrow and shame,  
Your Jesus, my Jesus, so willingly came;  
Was laid in a manger, in stable was born,  
That o'er earth's dark regions salvation might dawn.

"Oh, the drunkard," etc., or  
"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!" etc.

Undaunted was Jesus, His task He went through,  
Enduring the Curse, for great joy was in view;  
He saw in the future us rebels forgiv'n,  
His soldiers on earth, and priests up in Heaven.

His life was sublime; oh, the hungry He fed!  
The halt, lame and blind, all to Jesus were led;  
A Friend of the harlot and outcast was He,  
And He's waiting, just now, poor sinner, for thee.

Come weary, come laden, He offers thee rest,  
His yoke it is easy, His service is blest;  
Thy sins, though so many, forgotten shall be,  
Thy fetters all broken, thy soul fully free.

## 5 Shout Hosanna!

BY BRIGADIER J. C. LUDGATE.

Tune—*Joy, behold the Saviour* (B.J. 11).

"Peace on earth, good-will to all men!"  
Sang the angels bright;  
Christ the Lord is born in Bethlehem;  
Come, see the wondrous sight.

## Chorus.

Shout hosanna in the highest,  
Peace on earth, good-will to men;  
In a stable, and a manger,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!  
In a stable, and a manger,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Mid the cattle in a manger,  
See this infant sweet;  
Poof of birth, to wealth a stranger;  
Come, worship at His feet.

He came from plains of brightest glory,  
Down to sinful earth;  
Help me spread the blessed story  
Of the Saviour's birth.

## 6 Salvation for All.

BY W. H. C.

Tune—*Bound for Canaan's shore* (B.J. 112).

The Saviour came in human frame,  
Now many years ago,  
Our sin to take and us to make  
Far whiter than the snow.  
The angels sang in joyful strain  
To shepherds one dark night,  
The glorious news, which some abuse,  
And very many slight.

## 7 The Lord of Glory.

Tunes—*Jesus, Saviour* (B.M.); *In a graveyard lonely*.

In a manger lowly, many miles away,  
Lay the Lord of Glory, come on earth to stay.  
To reveal His mission—'twas to heal and save,  
Twas to lift the fallen, mercy's flag to wave.

## Chorus.

Lovingly He's pointing to His wounded side,  
There for every sinner flows a fountain wide;  
From the lowly manger to the cross He trod,  
That you might be gathered to the heav'n of God.

Hark the angels singing, peace on earth for all,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem, men before Him fall;  
Joyful bells are ringing us again we raise  
Our voice of triumph, songs of prayer and praise.

See the King of Glory, in His love to-day,  
Brings you peace and pardon—can you from Him stay?  
Joy and ceaseless blessing Jesus waits to give;  
Hear the message, sinner, come to Him and live.

## 8 Wonderful Love.

Tune—*Wonderful love*.

Jesus came down my ransom to be,  
Oh, it was wonderful love!  
For out of the Father's heart He came,  
To set me free He took the blame,  
Oh, it was wonderful love!

## Chorus.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,  
Coming to me from Heaven above,  
Filling me, thrilling me through and through,  
Oh, it was wonderful love.

Clear to faith's vision the Cross reveals  
Beautiful actions of love;  
And all that by grace e'en I may be  
When saved, to serve Him eternally.  
He came, He died, for you and me,  
Oh, it is wonderful love!

His death's a claim, His love has a plea,  
Oh! it is wonderful love!  
Ungrateful was I to slight Thy call,  
But, Lord, now I come, before Thee fall;  
I give myself, I give up all,  
All for Thy wonderful love.